Nancy Hanks
Baltimore
July 6th

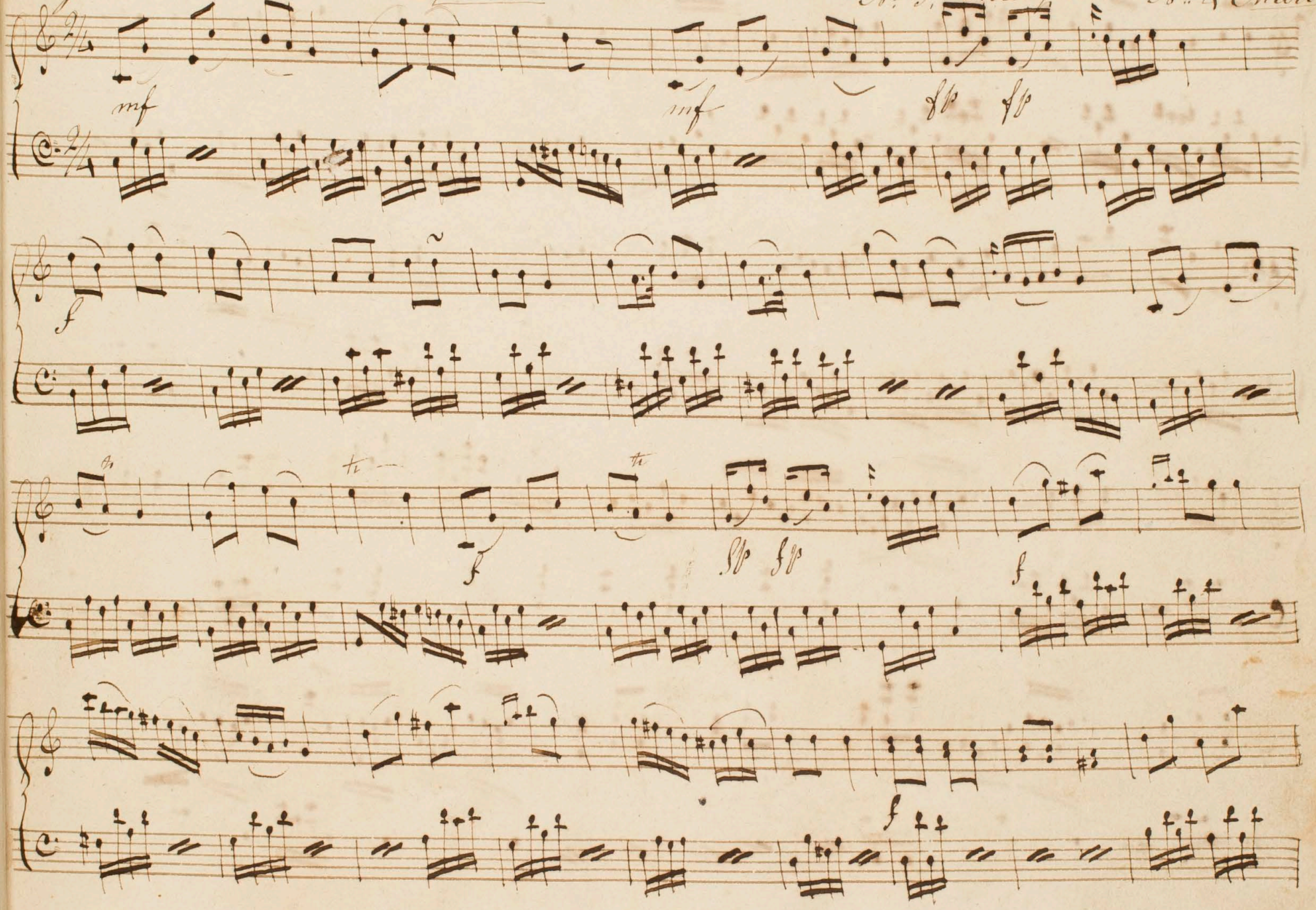
The Four Sisters. composed for and named after four Sisters by T. Costellow

No. 1. Emma, No. 2 Eliza,
No. 3, Mary Ann. No. 4 Maria

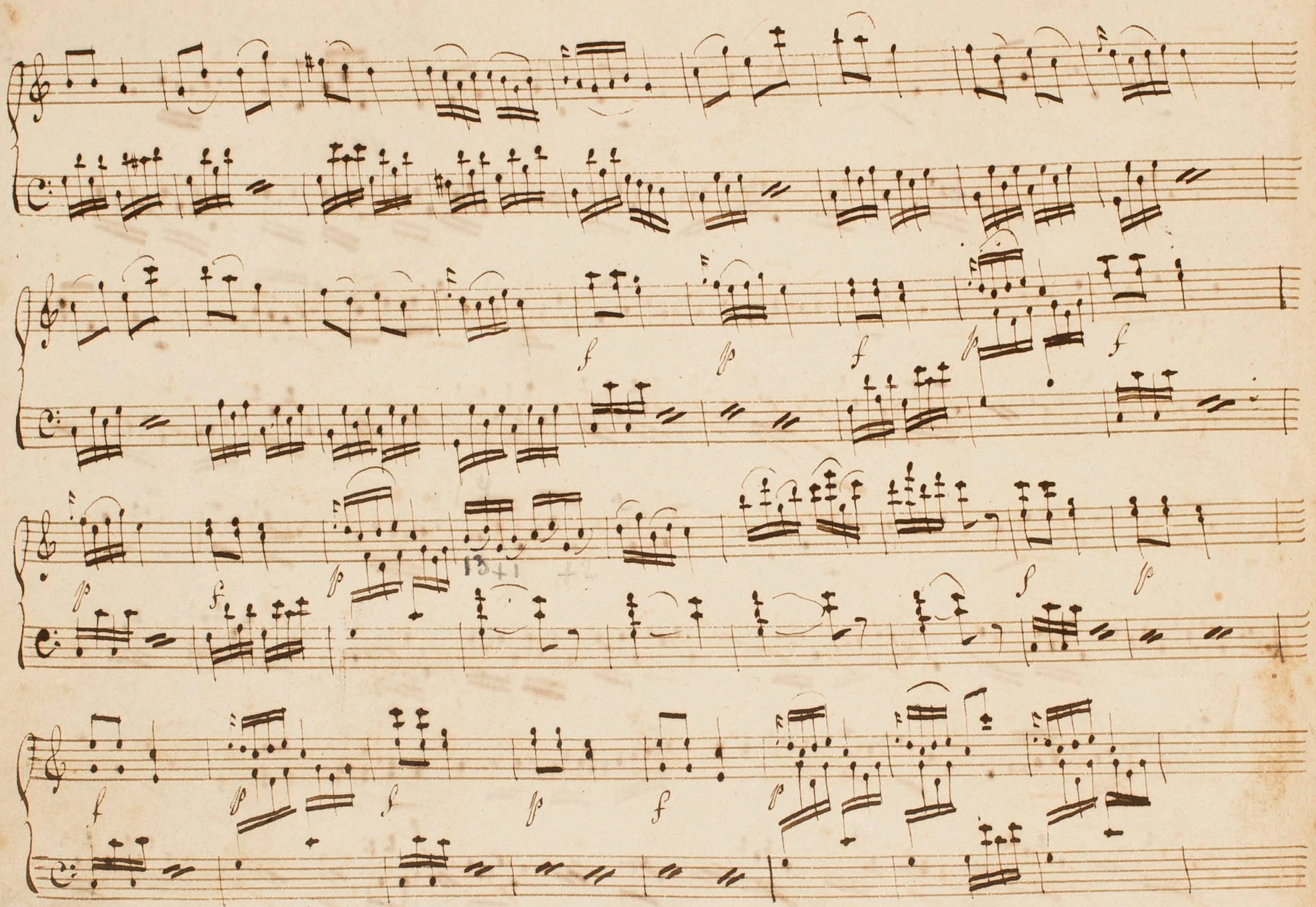
Allegretto

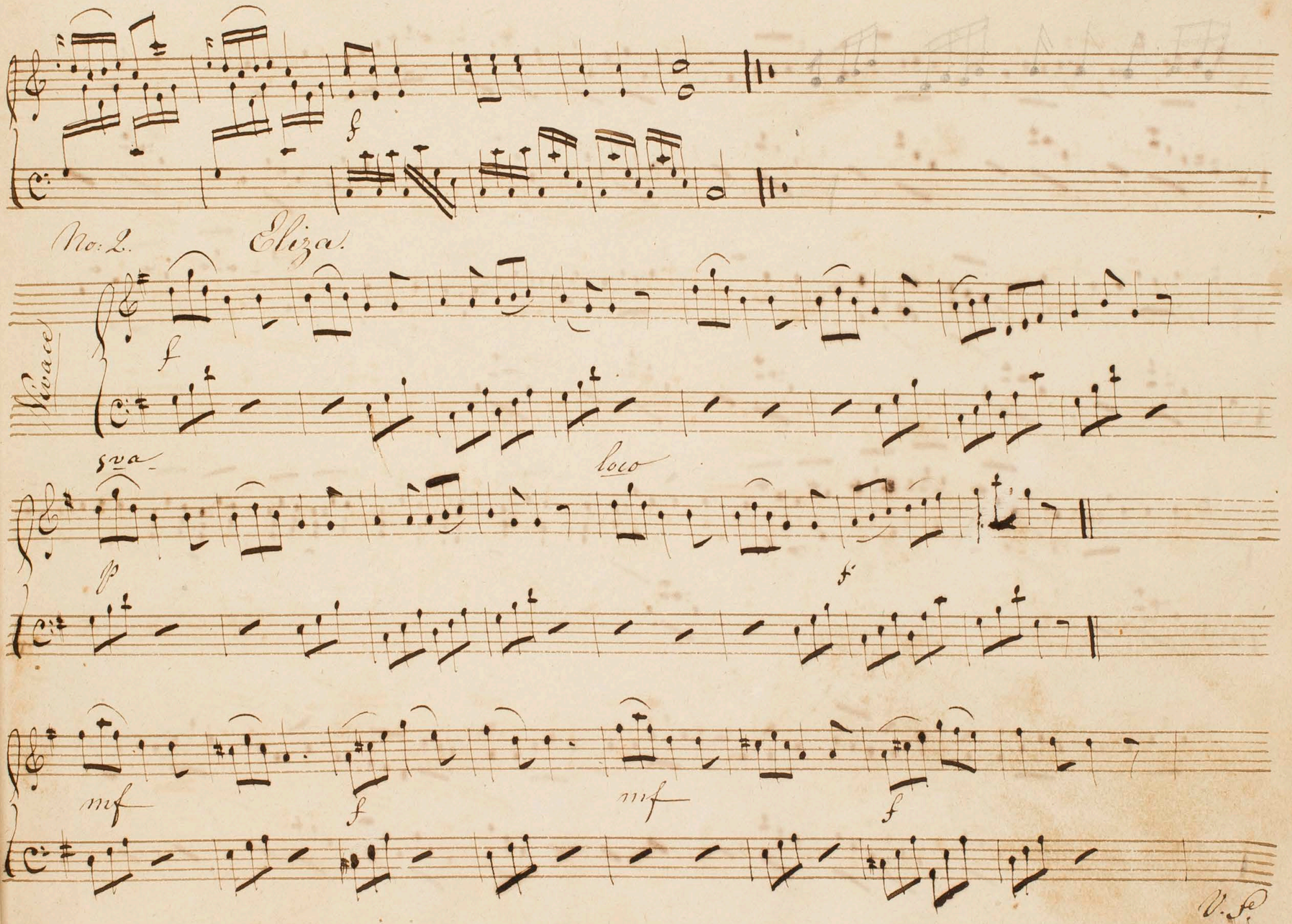
No. 1.

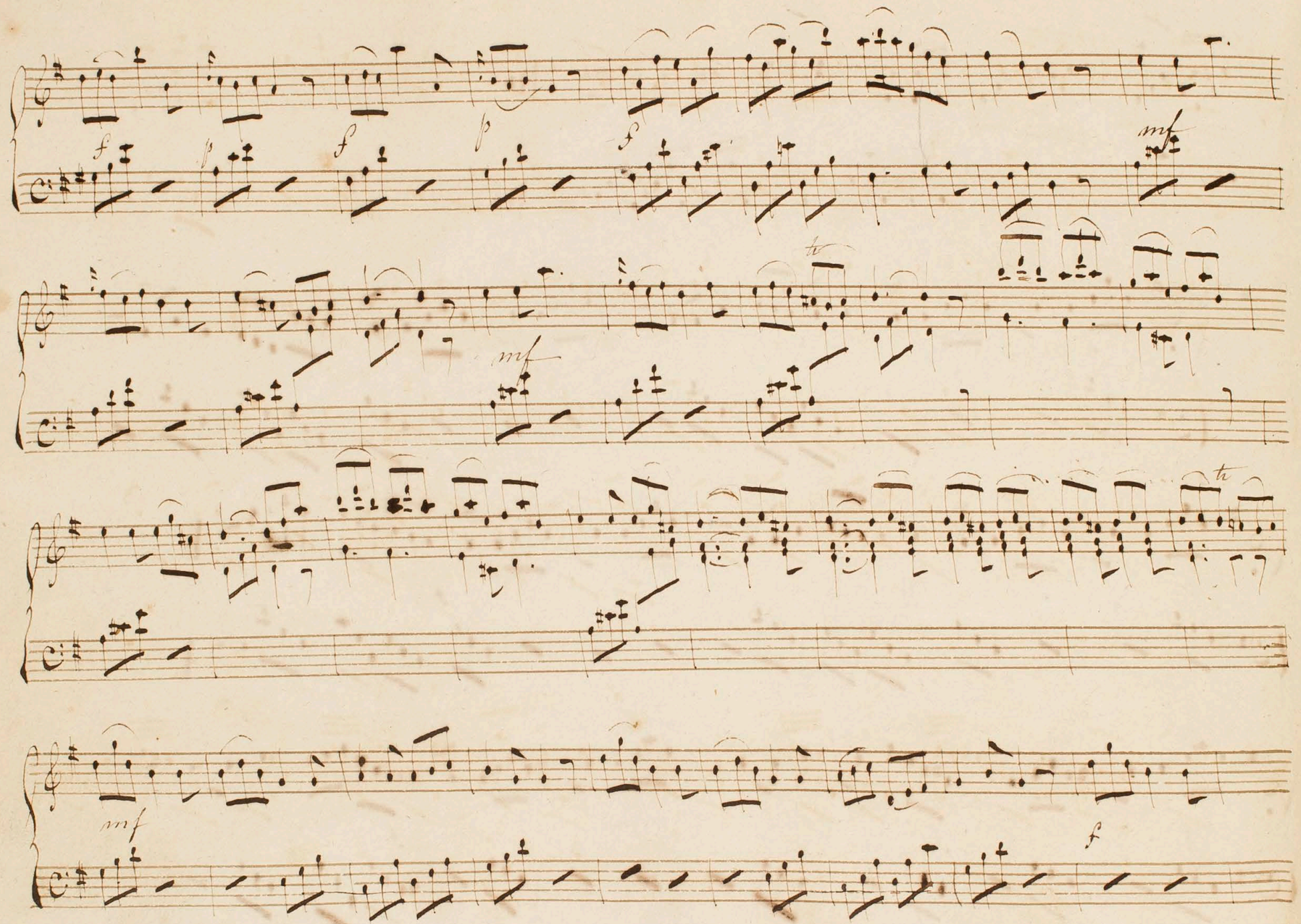
Emma

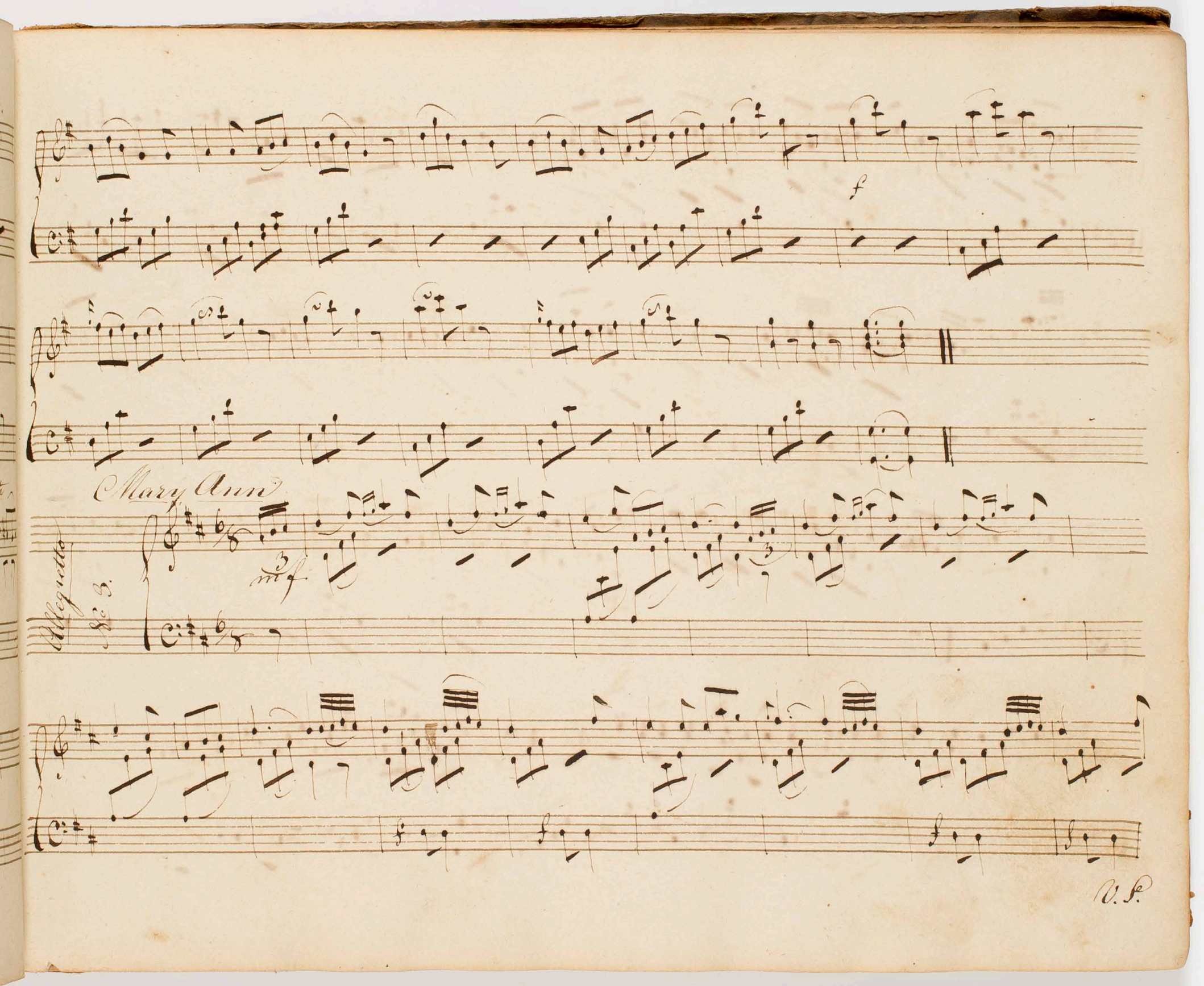


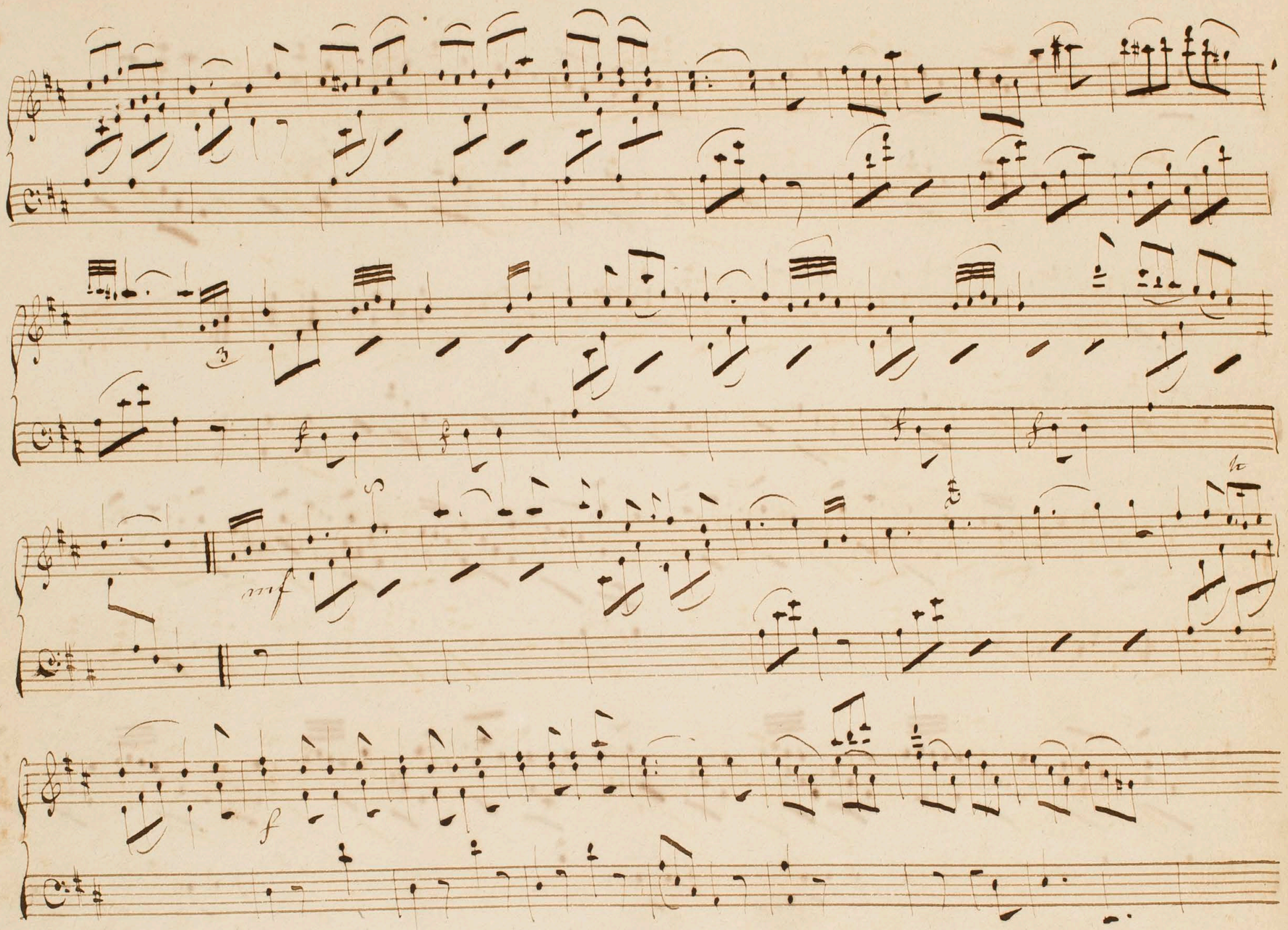
V. S.

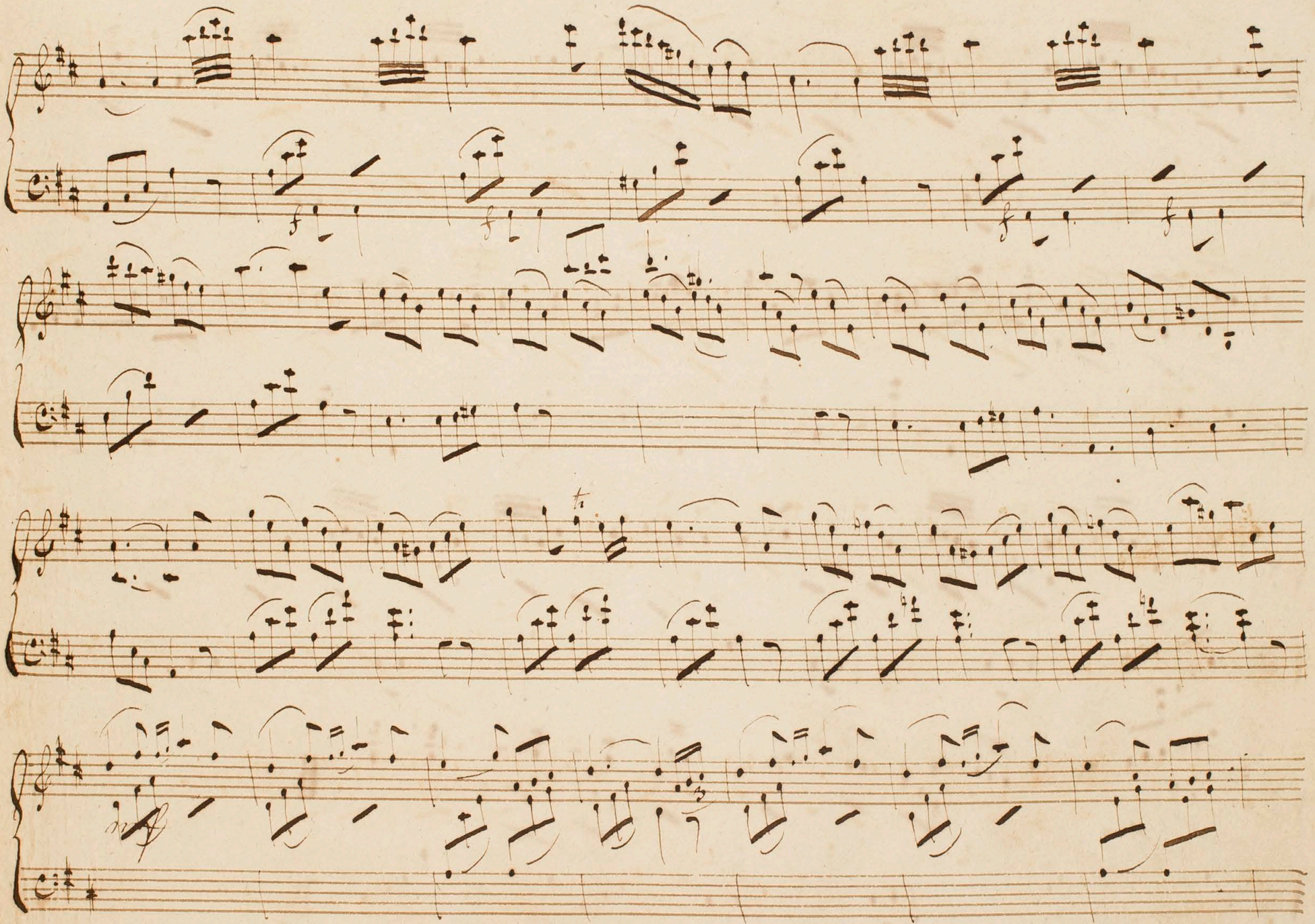


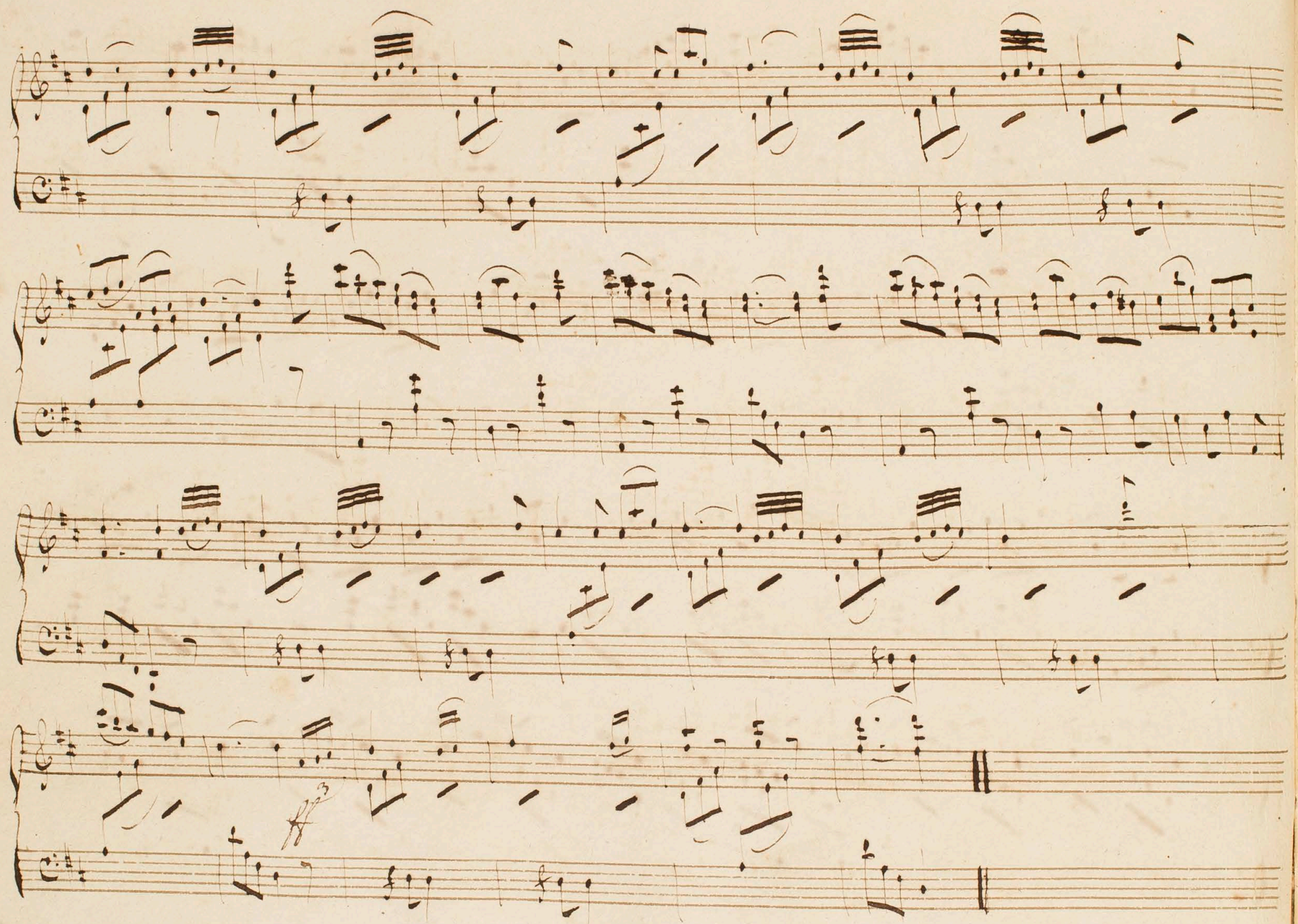

No: 2.
Eliza.
Vivace
f
8va
loco
p
f
mf
f
mf
f
V. S.


f
f
f
f
f
mf
tr
mf
th
mf
f

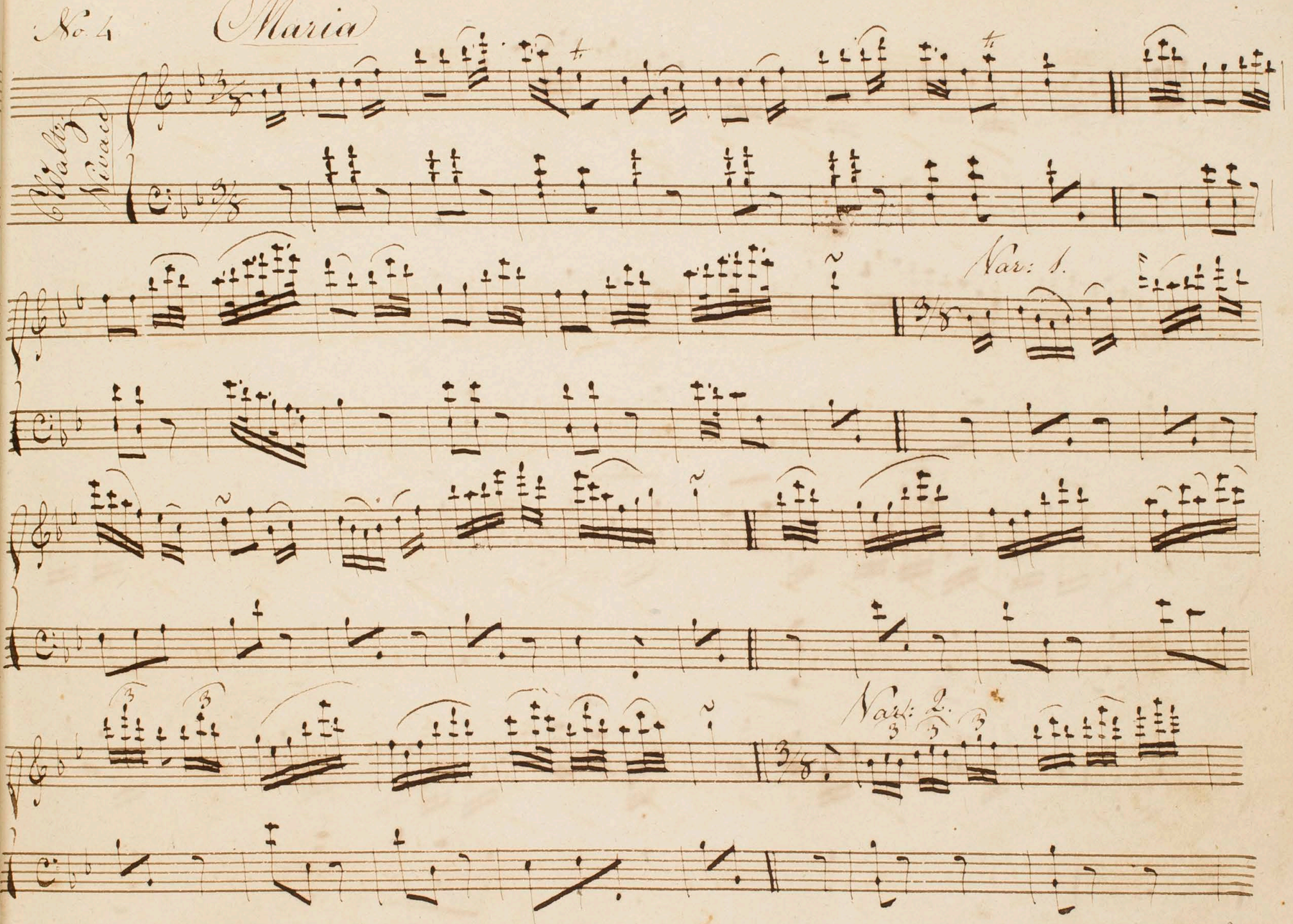

f
Mary Ann
Allegretto
mf
D. S.


3
f
mf
f

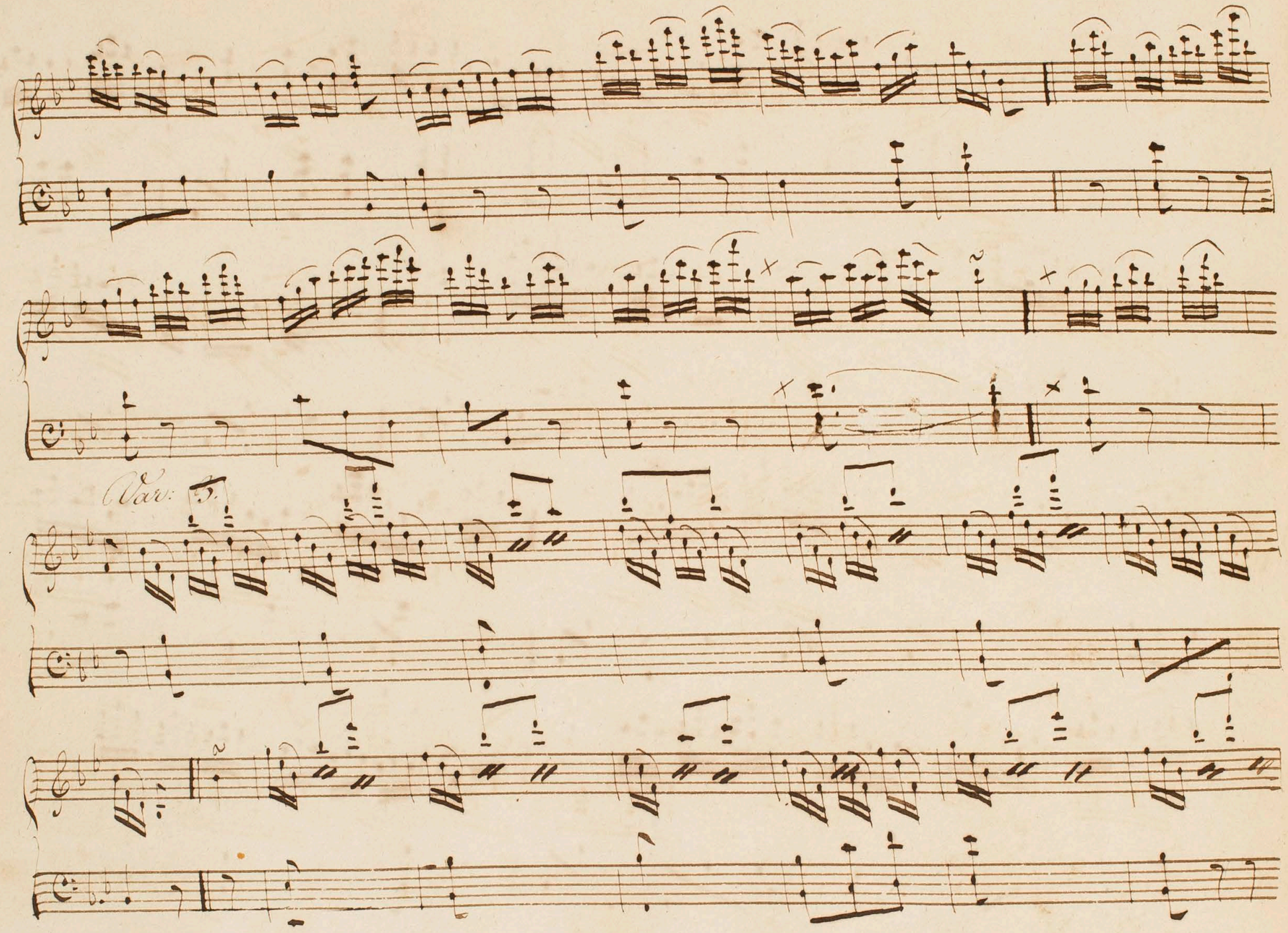

f
f
f
f
tr
V. S.



No. 4 Maria



V. S.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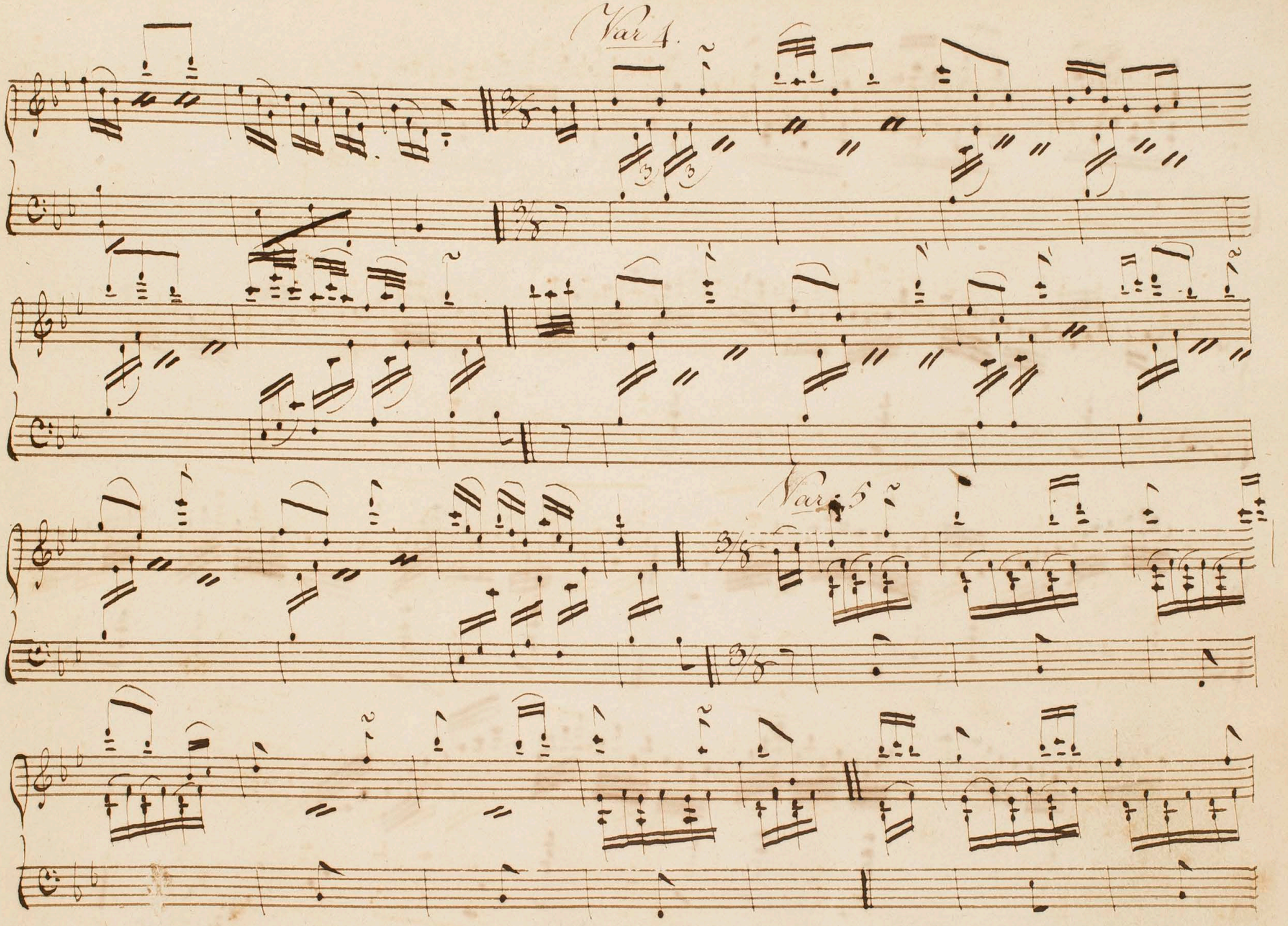
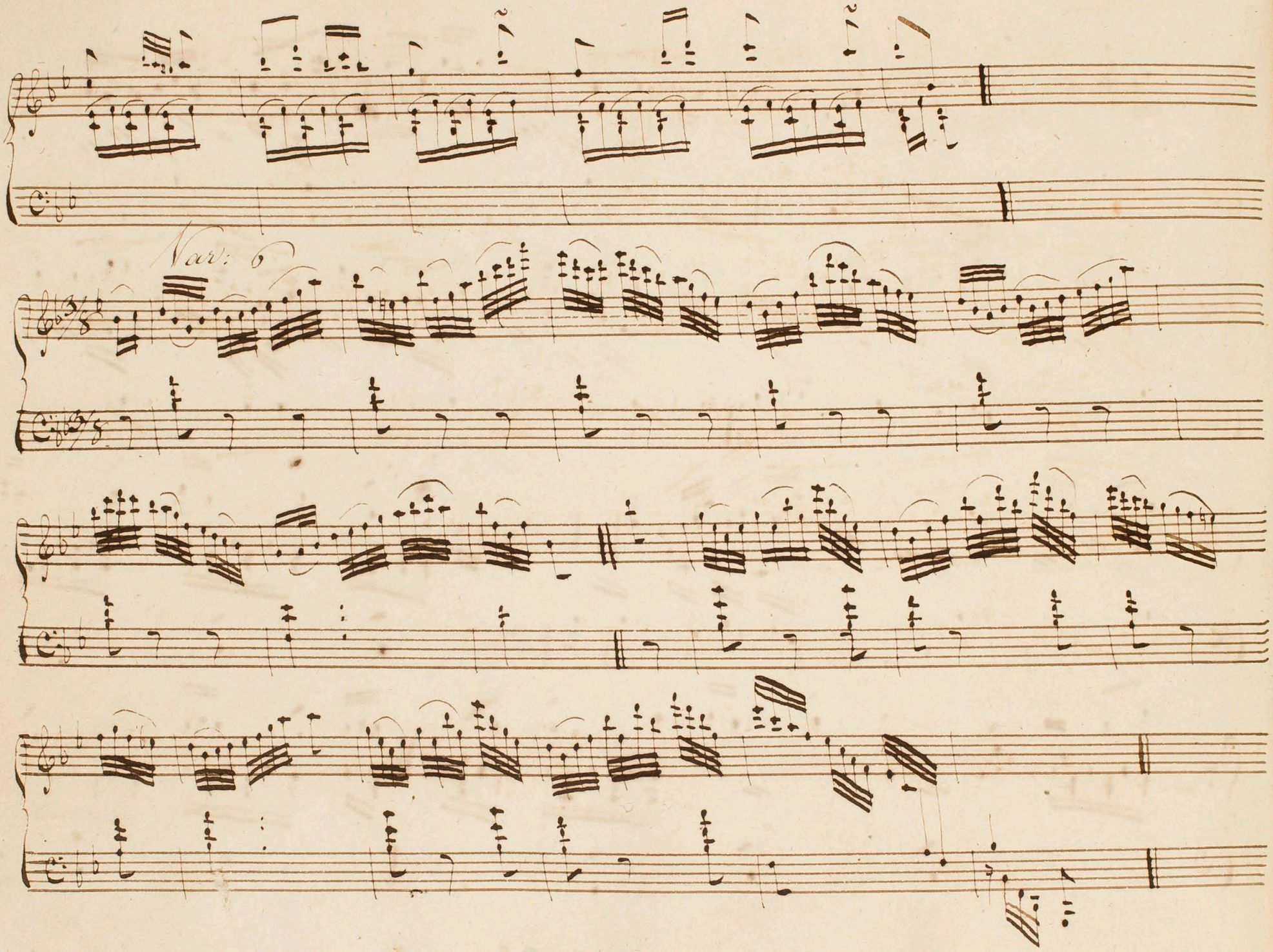

Var 4.
Var 5
V. S.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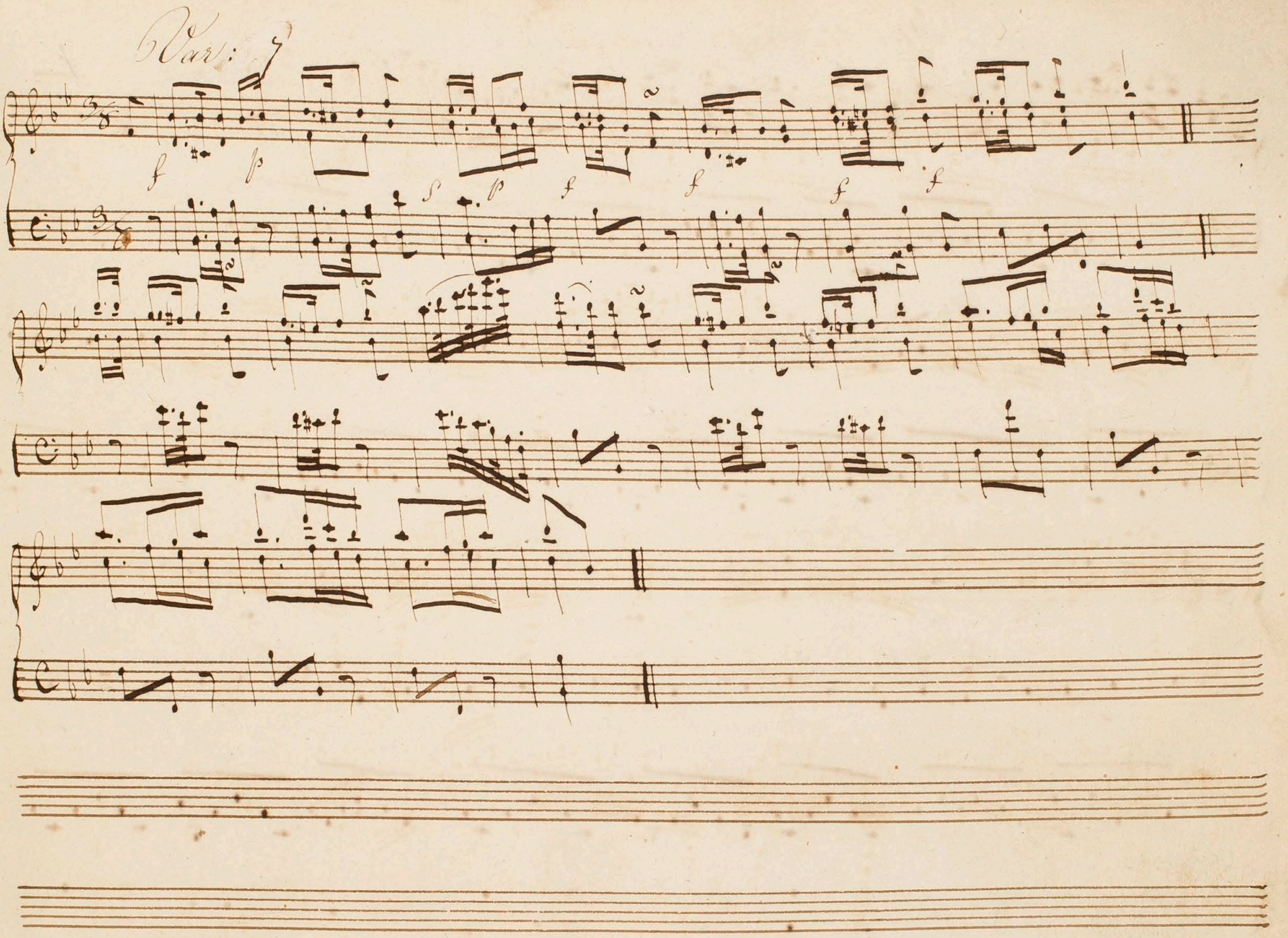
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The Harp of Bendemeer

Composed by Miss C. Anley.

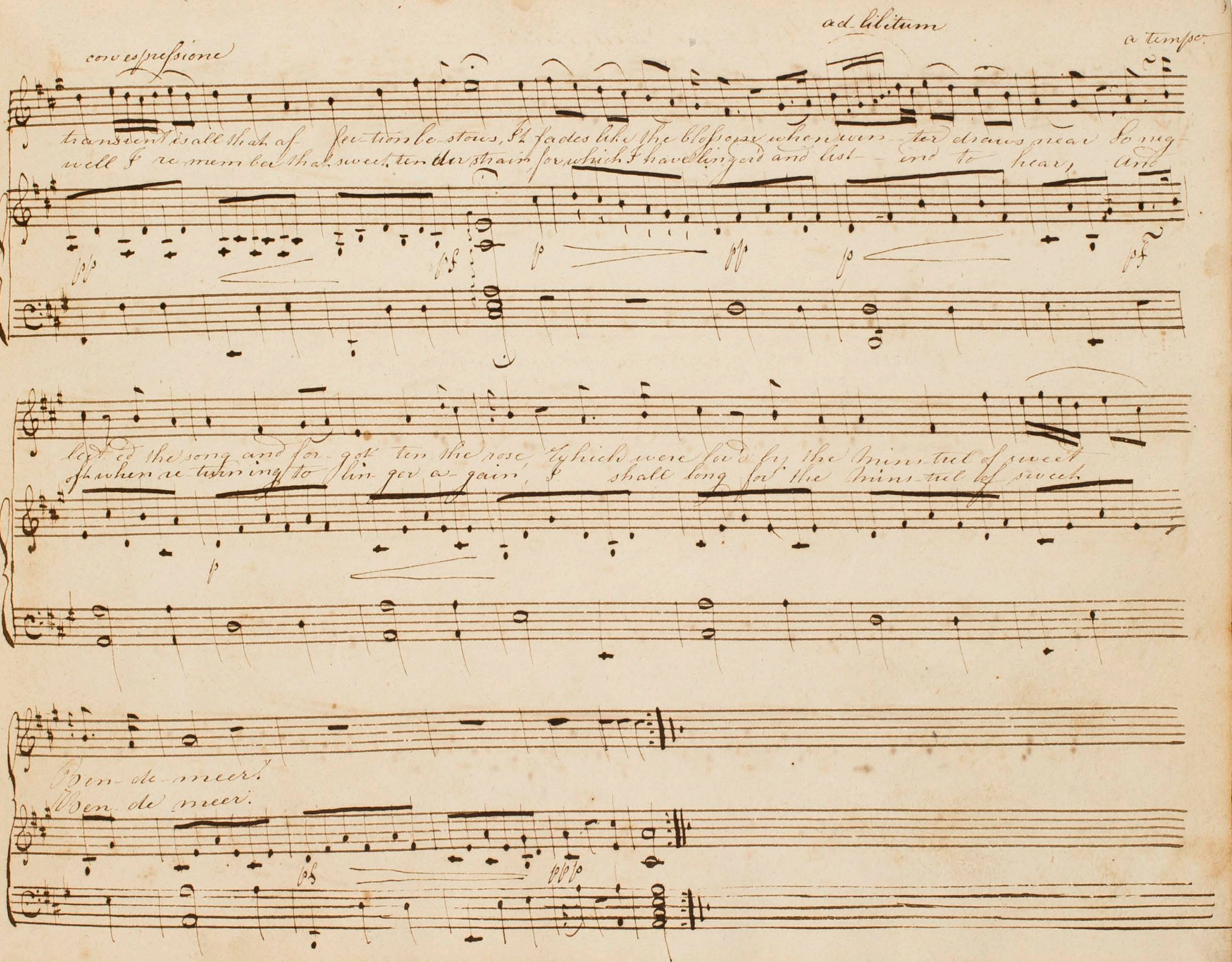
Andantino

pf p f

Tell me Yes the

why is that Harp now so si lent ly thrown, O'er the bow-er where all was en chantment be fore. has the
day dreams of plea-sure de ceit ful ly die. But the calm joys of Hea-ven can ev- er delight. As the

Bard who a lone could a wak en its tone Left that song and those ro-ses to love them no more thus
Star which e mits her pure flame from on high, the bright or when earth is o'er shadow'd by night; Yet



ad libitum

a tempo

con espressione

transient is all that af- fec-tion be-stows, It fades like the blossom when win- ter draws near So neg-
well I re-mem-ber that sweet ten-der strain for which I have lingerd and list- - end to hear, And

pp pf p pp p pf

let-ed the song and for-got ten the rose, Which were lov'd by the Mins-trel of sweet
oft when re-turning to lin-ger a-gain, I shall long for the Mins-trel of sweet

p

Ben-de-meer!
Ben-de-meer.

pf ppp

When the Rosebud of Summer

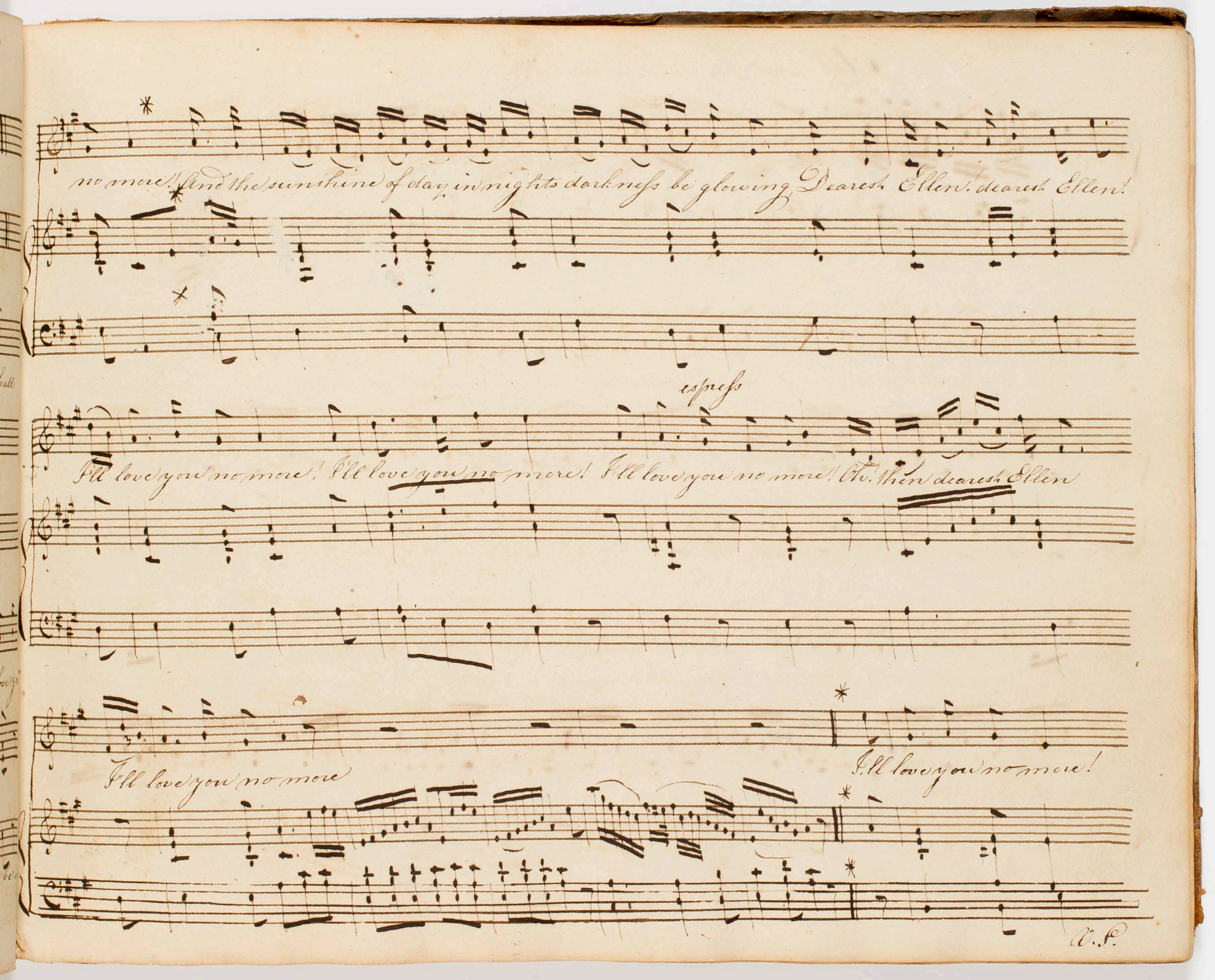
Music by Per J. Stevenson.

Moderate

When the rosebud of Summer, its beauties bestowing On winter's rude blast all its sweetness shall

pour And the sunshine of day, in night's darkness be gloiving, Oh! When dearest Ellen! I'll love you

2/ When of hope the last spark which thy smile lov'd to cherish, In my bosom shall die & its splendor be o'er
And the pulse of that heart which adores you shall perish! Oh! then dearest Ellen,
I'll love you no more!

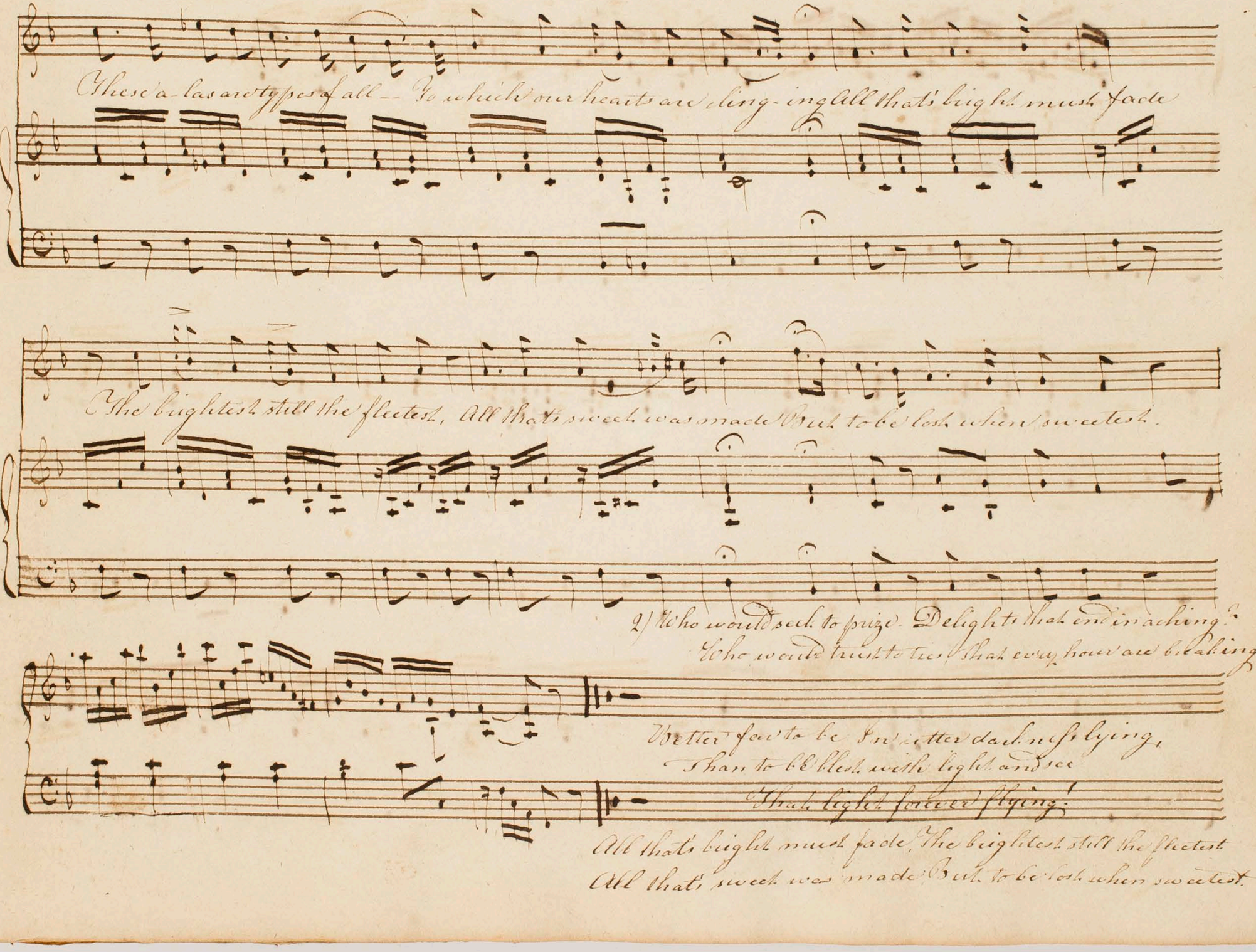

no more! And the sunshine of day in nights darkness be glowing Dearest Ellen! dearest Ellen!
espress
I'll love you no more! I'll love you no more! I'll love you no more! Or. When dearest Ellen
I'll love you no more
I'll love you no more!
V.S.

All thats bright must fade

Melancholy

All thats bright must fade The brightest still the fleetest, All thats sweet was made

But to be lost when sweetest Stars that shine and fall — The flow'r that drops in spring-ing

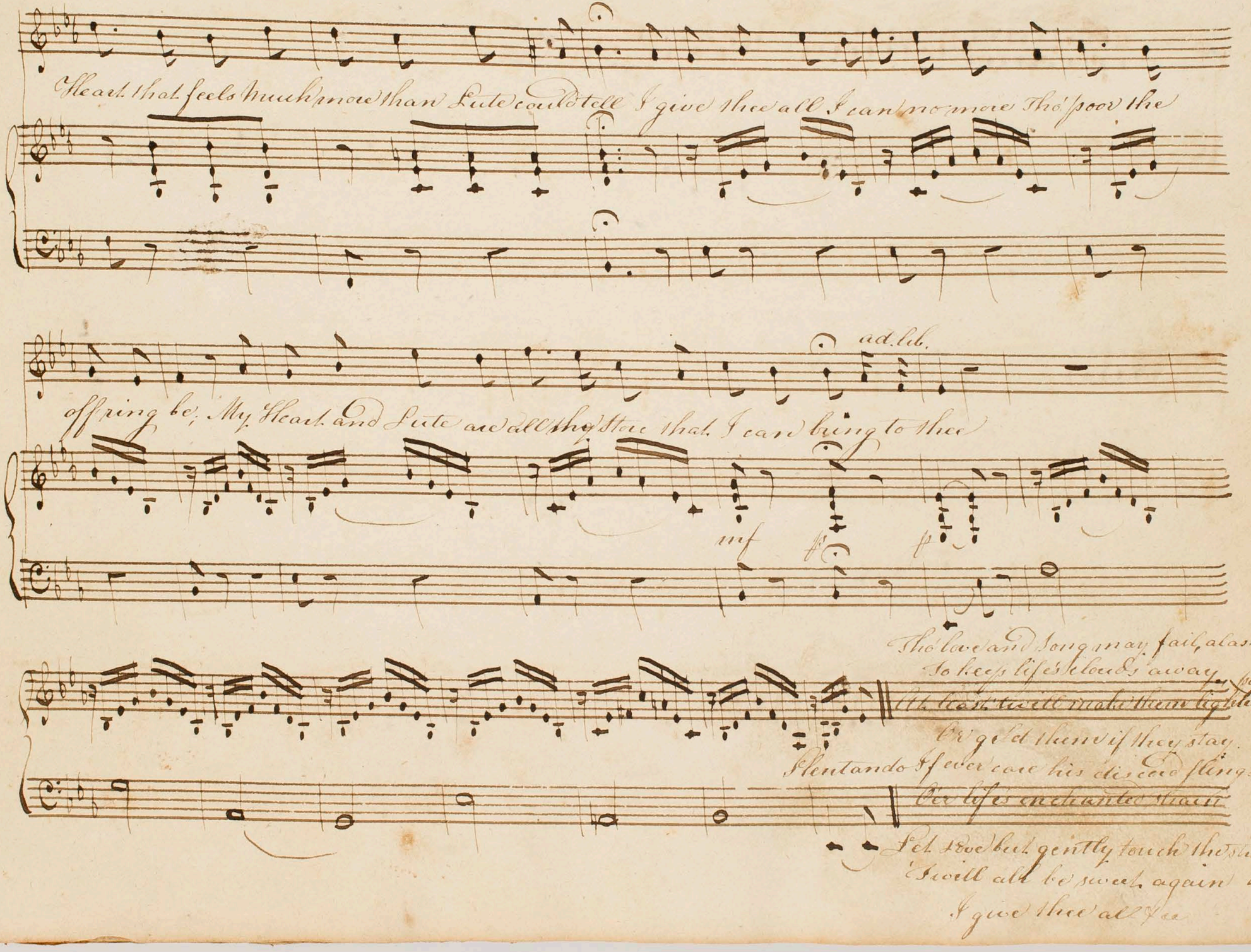

These alas are the types of all — To which our hearts are cling-ing All that's bright must fade
The brightest still the fleetest, All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest.
2/ Who would seek to prize Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be Strangers darkness sighing,
Than to be blest with light and see
That light forever flying!
All that's bright must fade, The brightest still the fleetest
All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest.

My heart and Lute.

Moderato

I give thee all I can no more Tho' poor the offring be My Heart and Lute are all the Store That

I can bring to thee A Lute, whose gentle song reveals The soul of love full well, And better far a



Heart that feels much more than Lute could tell I give thee all I can no more Tho' poor the

ad. lib.

offring be; My Heart and Lute are all the store that I can bring to thee

mf p p

Tho' love and song may fail, alas!
To keep life's clouds away
At least 'twill make them lighter pass
Or get them if they stay.
Plentando If ever care his discord flings
O'er life's enchanted strain
Let love but gently touch the strings
'Twill all be sweet again
I give thee all &c

Will rove at break of Day. A Cambrian Ballad

Maestoso

p cres:

ad lib:

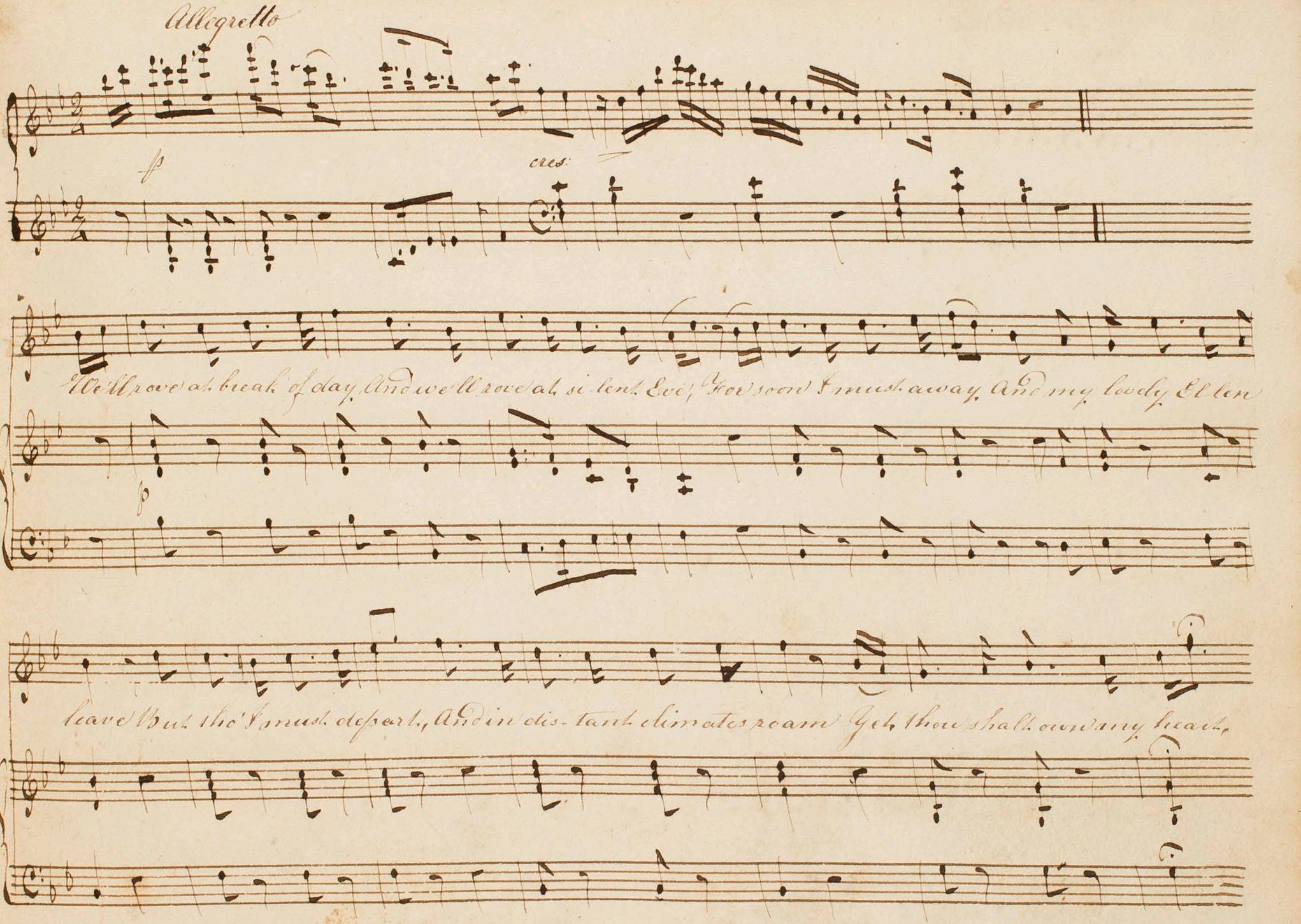
When war o'erwhelm'd the Nations round, And Cambrian youth to Battle press'd, Young

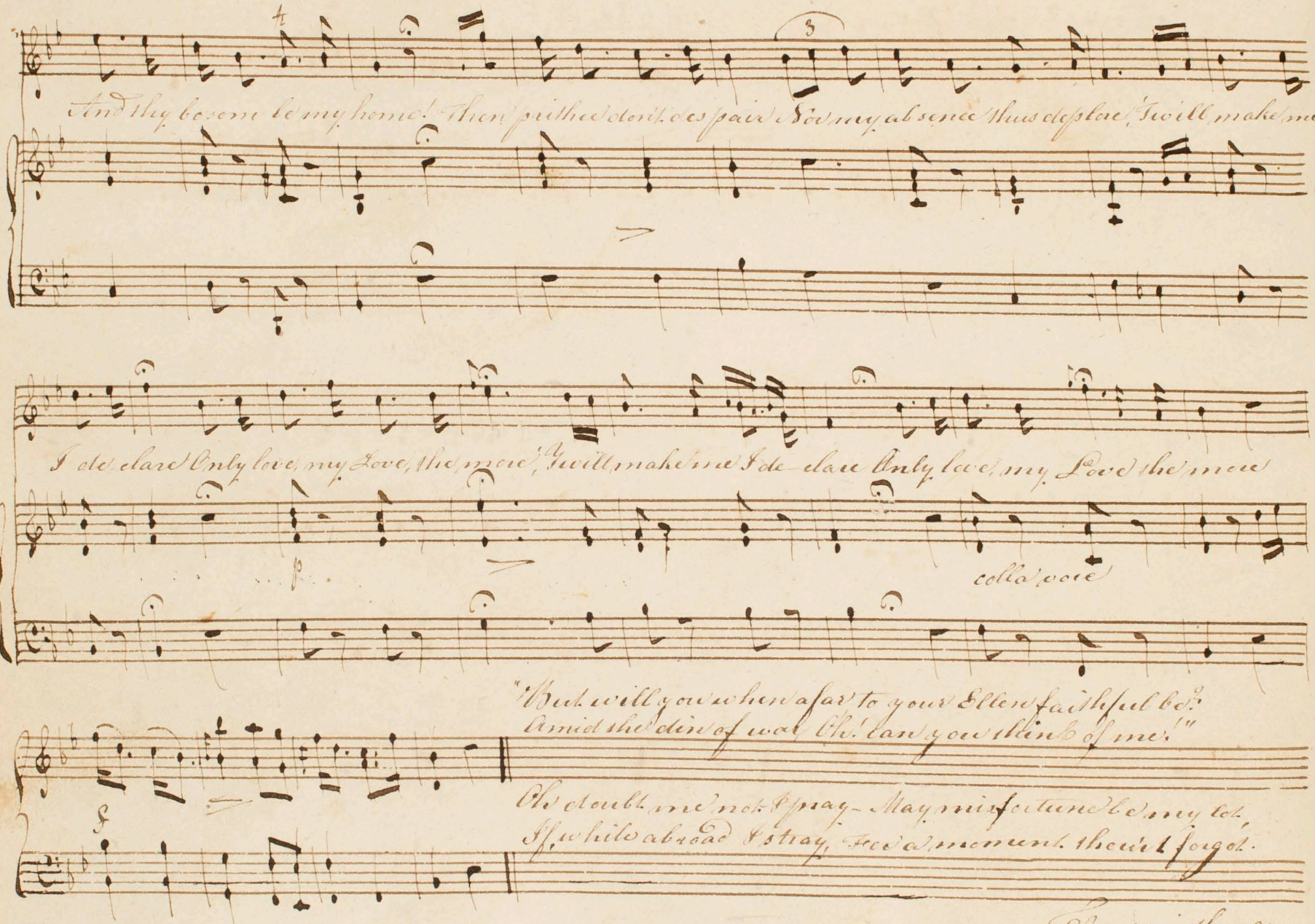
f

espress

Al fred heard the Clarion sound And weeping Ellen thus Address'd.

p


Allegretto
fp
cres:
We'll rove at break of day, And we'll rove at si lent Eve, For soon I must away, And my lovely Ellen
p
leave But tho' I must de part, And in dis - tant climates roam Yet thou shalt own my heart,
V. S.


And thy bosom be my home! Then prithee don't despair For my absence thus deplore, For I will make me
I declare Only love, my Love, the more, For I will make me I declare Only love, my Love the more
colla voce
"But will you when afar to your Ellen faithful be?
Amid the din of war Oh! can you think of me!"
Oh doubt me not I pray - May misfortune be my lot,
If, while abroad I stray, For a moment thee I forgot.
Prithee &c

Moderato

Here we meet too soon to part.

Adapted and arranged by T. B. Phipps.

Here the rose that decks thy door Here the thorn that spreads thy bow'r Here the willow on

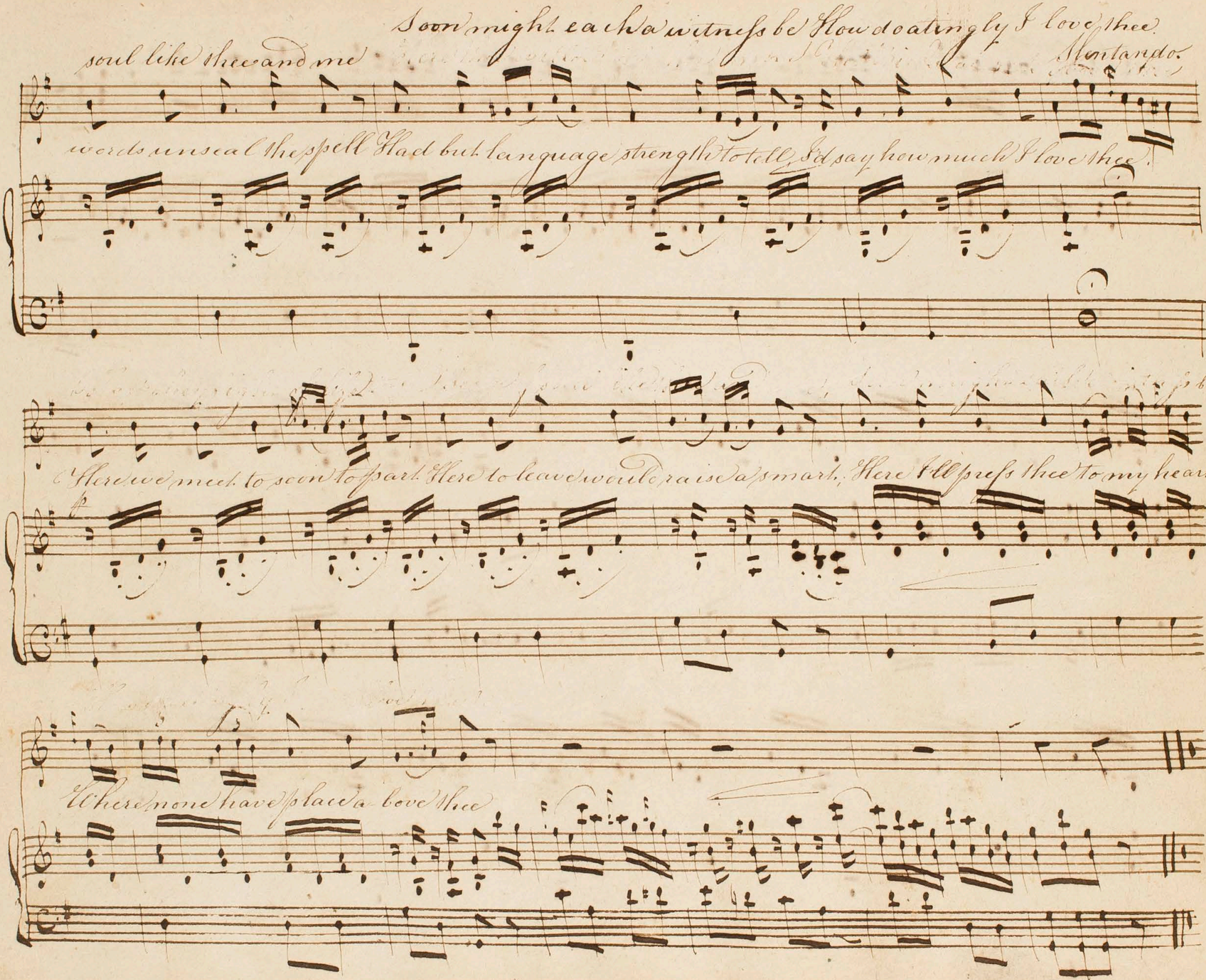
Here we meet too soon to part, Here to leave will raise a smart, Here I'll press thee to my

the moor The birds at rest above thee Had they light of life to see Sense of

heart, Where none have place above thee. Here I vow to love thee well, Could but

cres

N. F.


Soon night each a witness be How dearingly I love thee
soul like thee and me
Slentando.
words unseal the spell Had but language strength to tell, I'd say how much I love thee.
Here we meet to soon to part Here to leave would raise a smart, Here I'll press thee to my heart
Where none have place above thee

Composed by S. V. Wiesenthal.

Take this Rose,

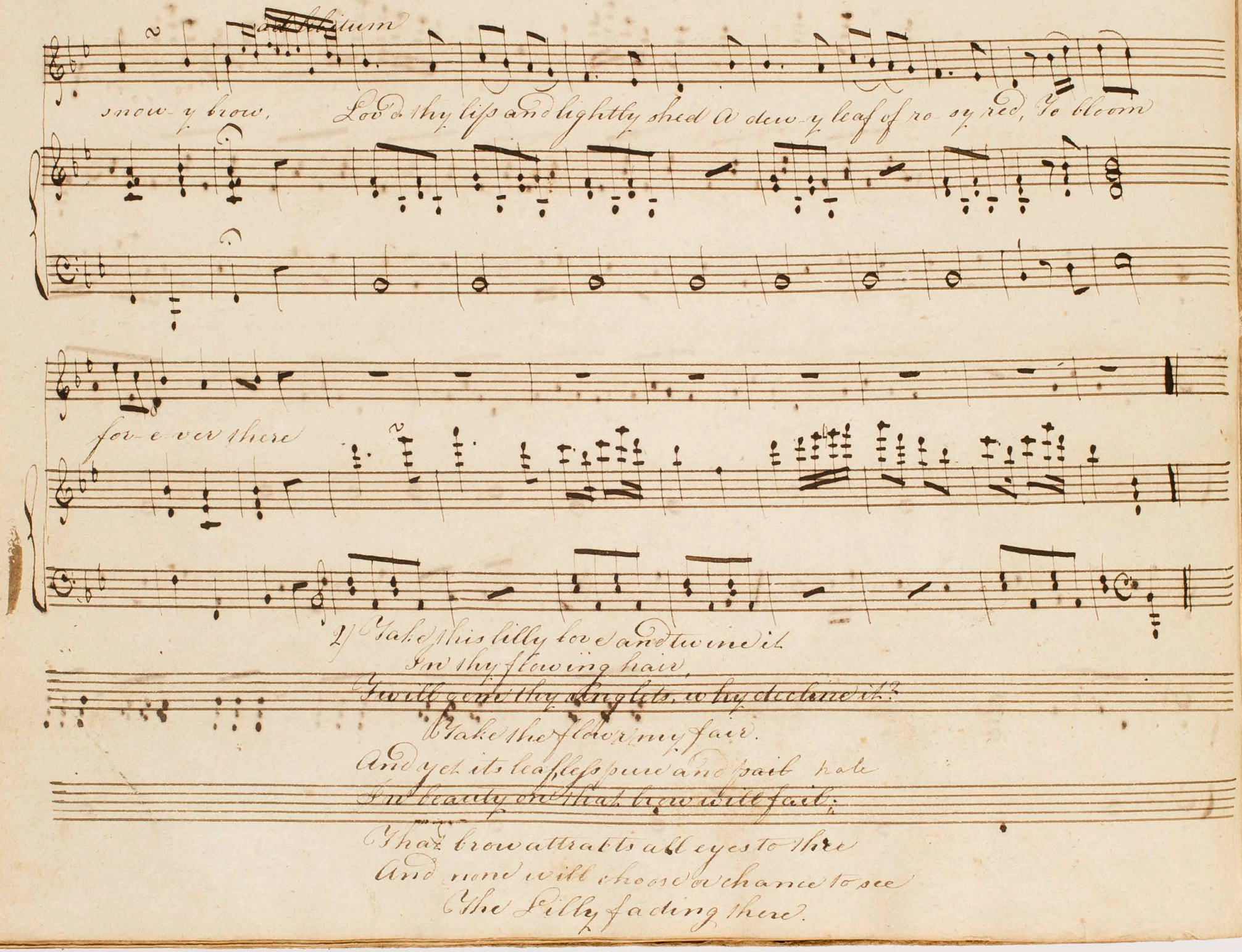
Andantino

Fair one take this Rose and wreath it, In thy braided hair A lighter bloom will rest be-

Espressivo

neath it. Take the rose my fair The flow'r which late was seen to glow so lovely on that

V. S.


ad libitum
snow-y brow, Lov'd thy lips and lightly shed A dew-y leaf of ro-sy red, To bloom
for-e-ver there
2/ Take this lilly love and twine it
In thy flowing hair,
Twill gem thy ringlets, why decline it?
Take the flower my fair.
And yet its leaf less pure and pail hale
In beauty on that brow will fail;
That brow attracts all eyes to thee
And none will choose or chance to see
The Lilly fading there.

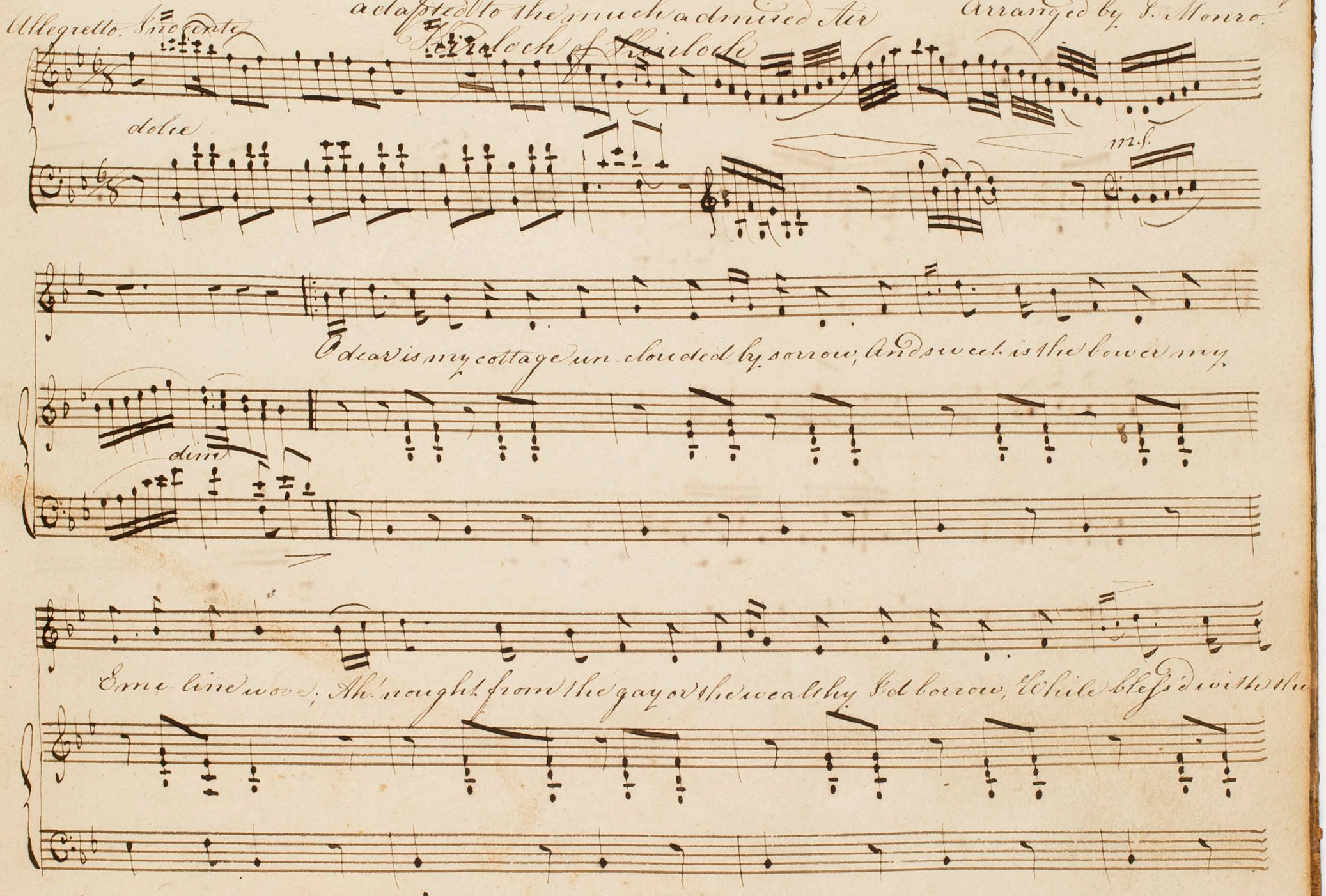
The smile of Contentment and Love

adapted to the much admired Air

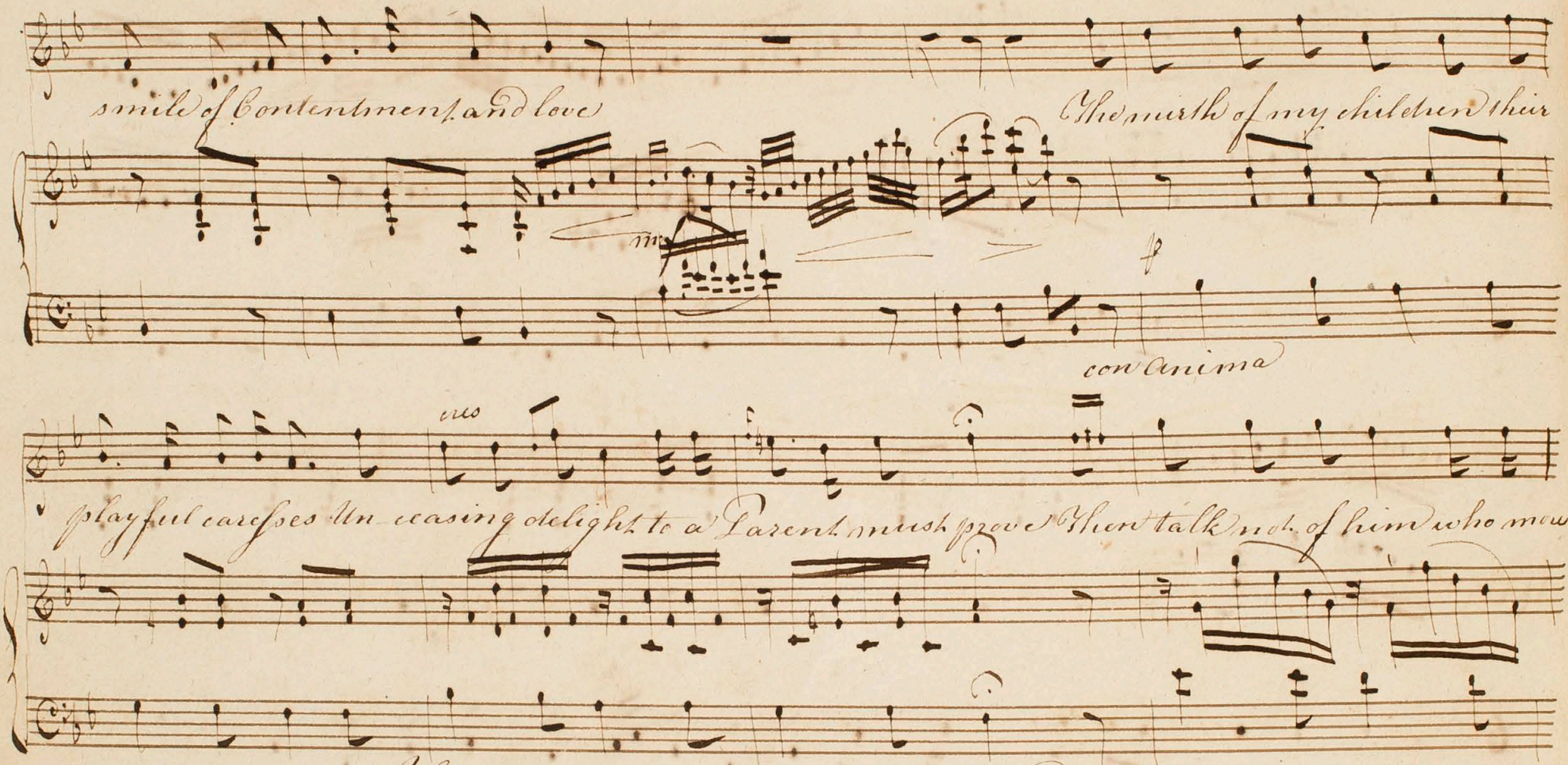
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu

Written by S. Richards Esq.

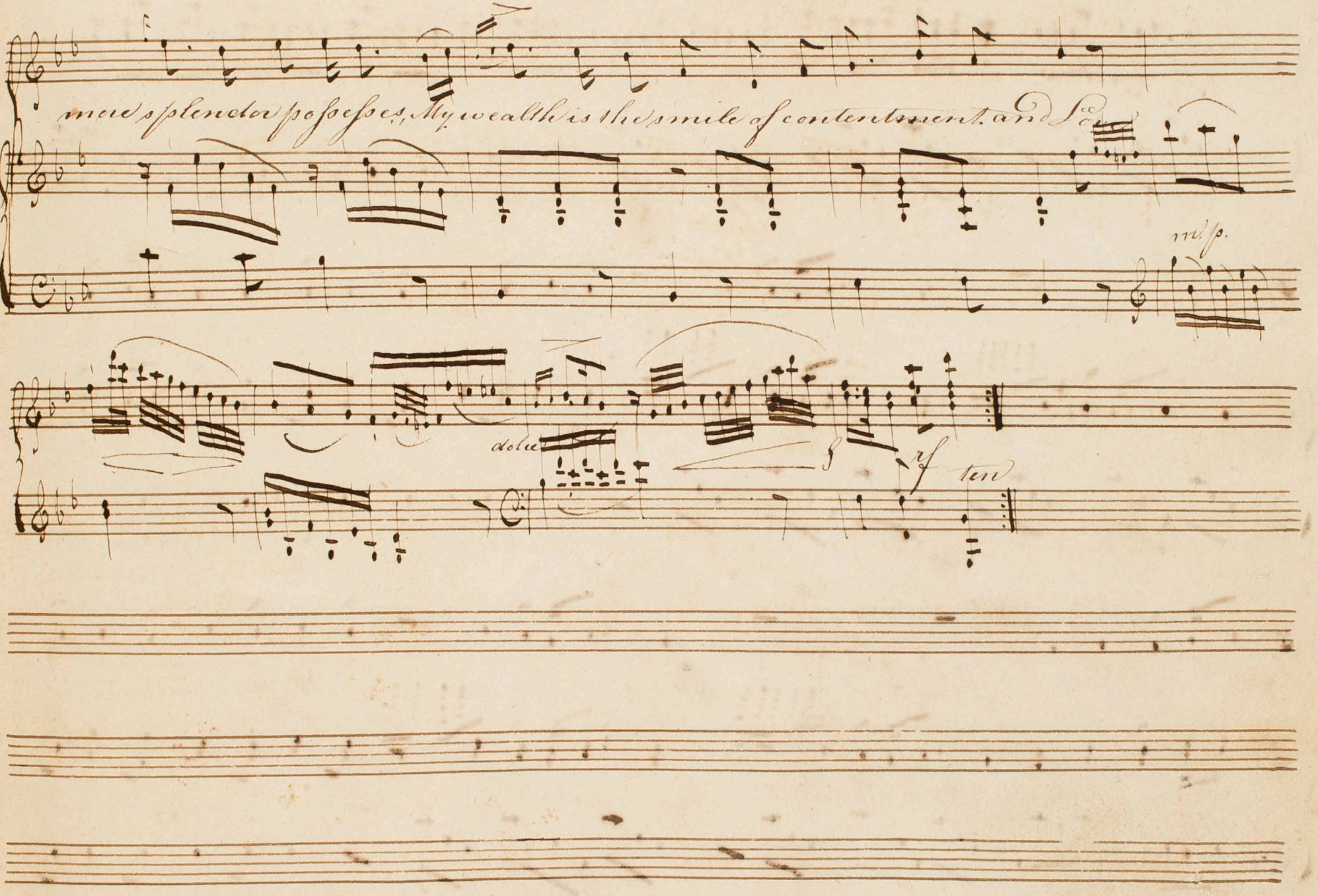
Arranged by T. Monro.



N. 5.



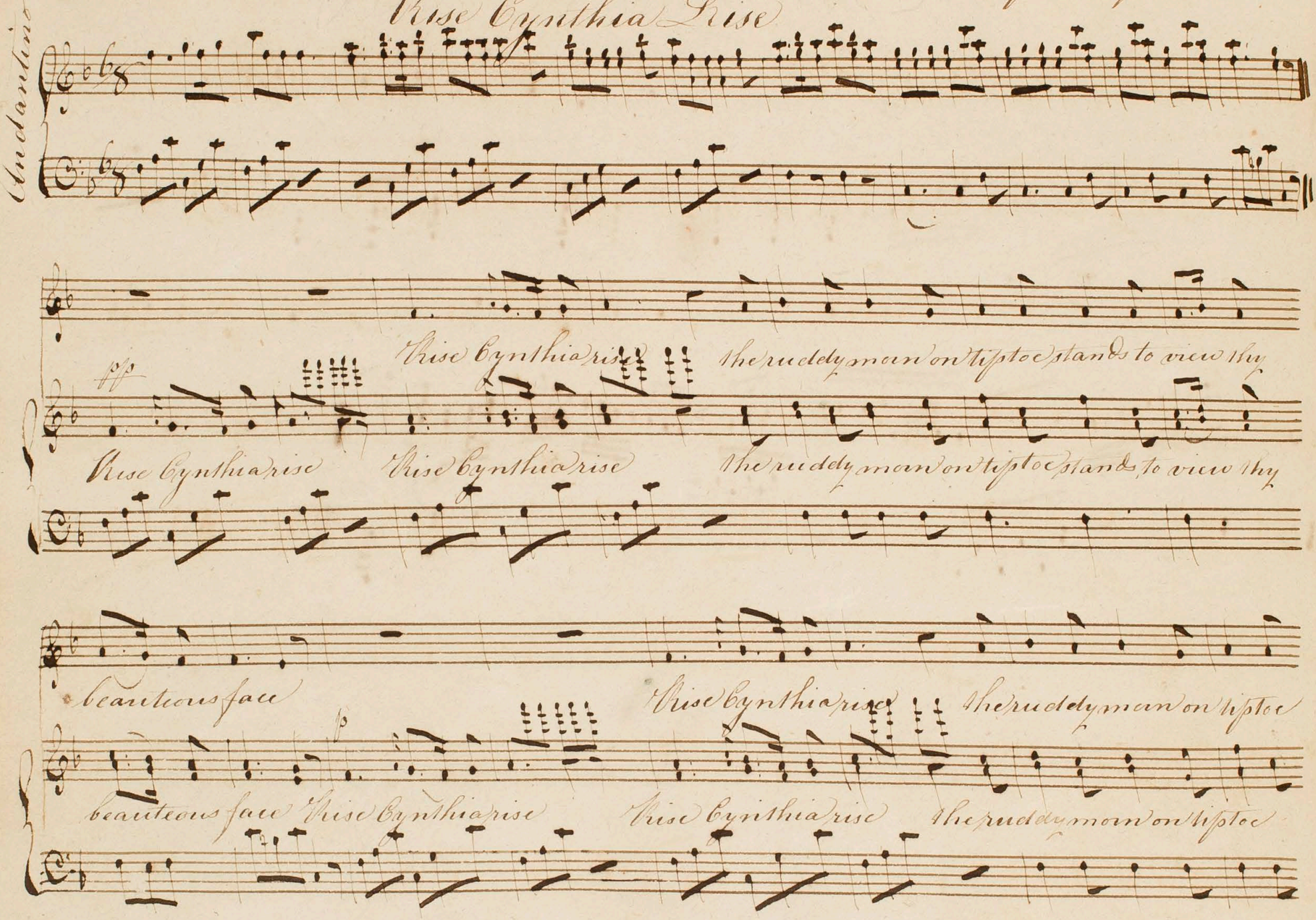
2/ The morning awakes me to health and to labor,
The Lark sounds to Heaven as first to be prais'd,
The evening procures me my friend and my neighbour,
To join in the tribute by gratitude rais'd.
And while with such music re-echoes my dwelling
While harmony still lingers over the grove,
O! if there's a bliss such enjoyment excelling
It beams in the smile of Contentment and Love!

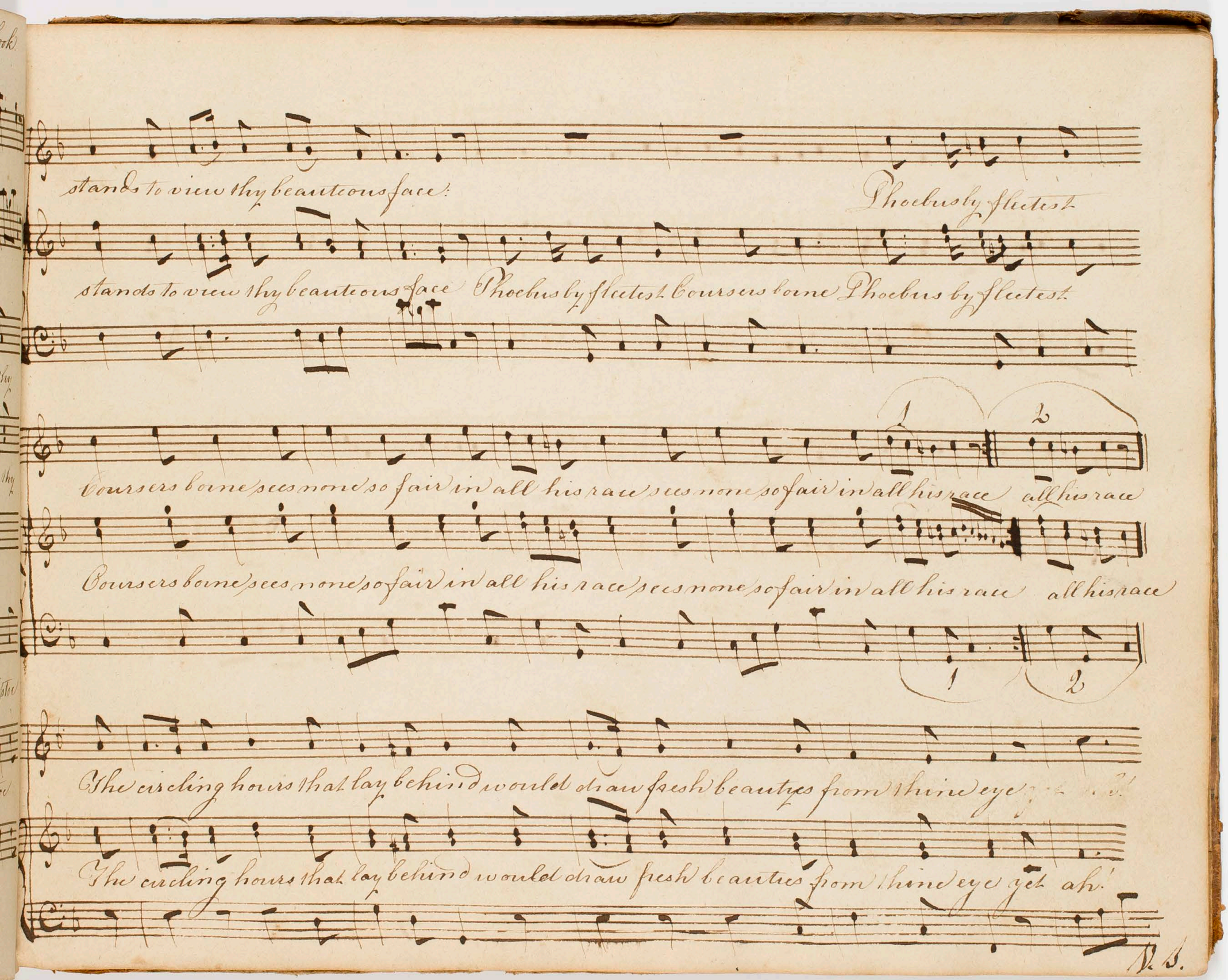

more splendor possesses, My wealth is the smile of contentment. and Lo

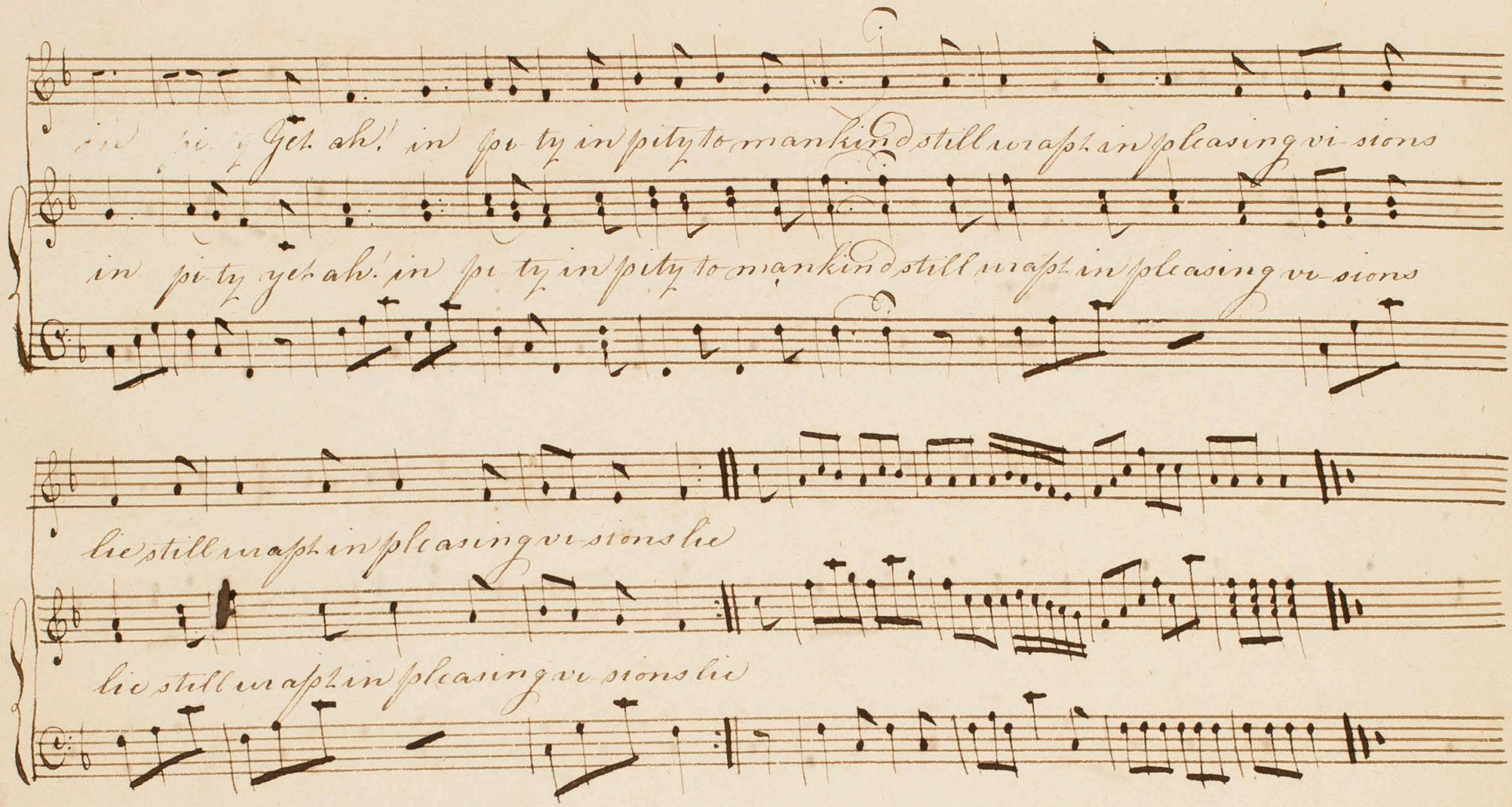
Rise Cynthia Rise

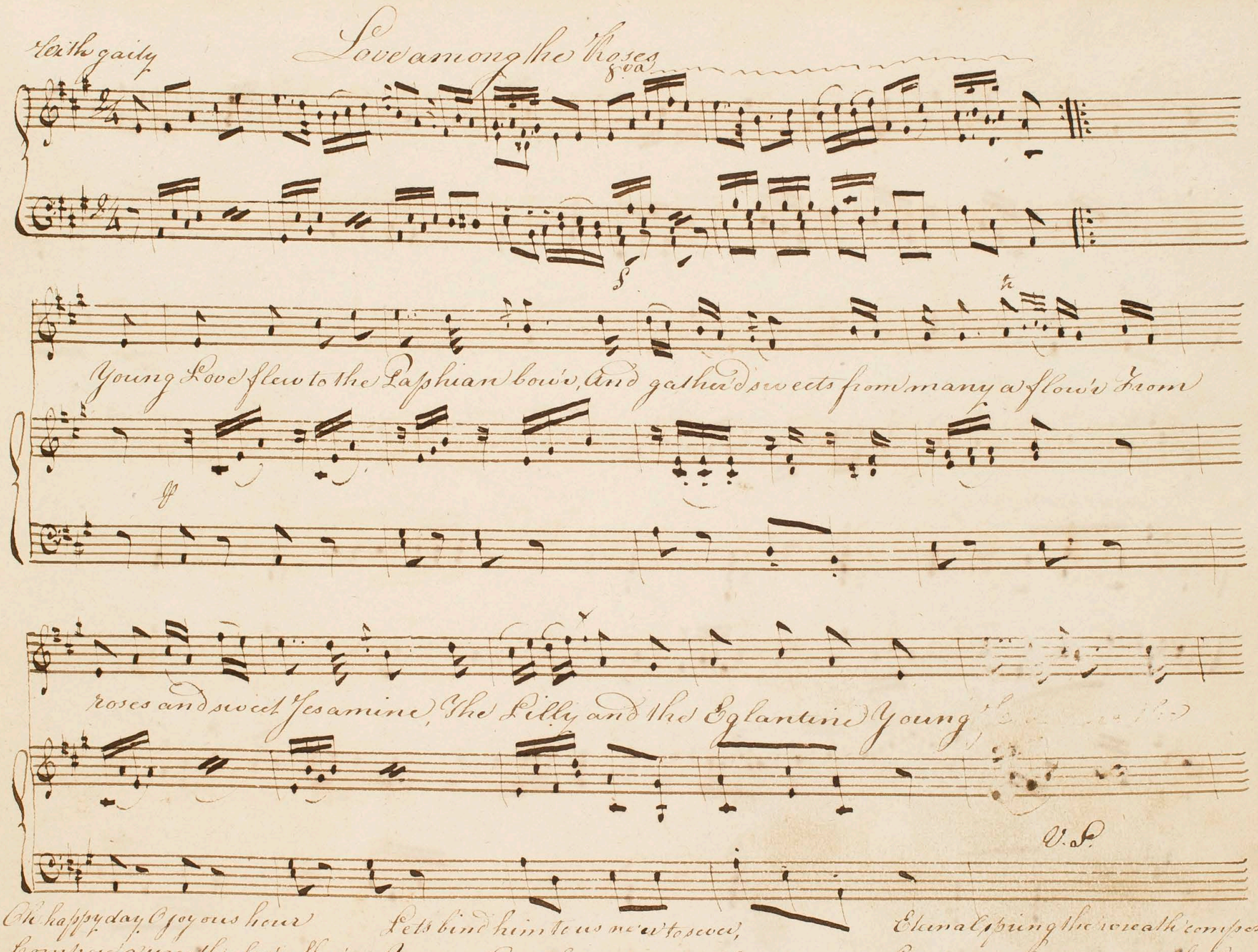
Composed by Mr Hook

Andantino

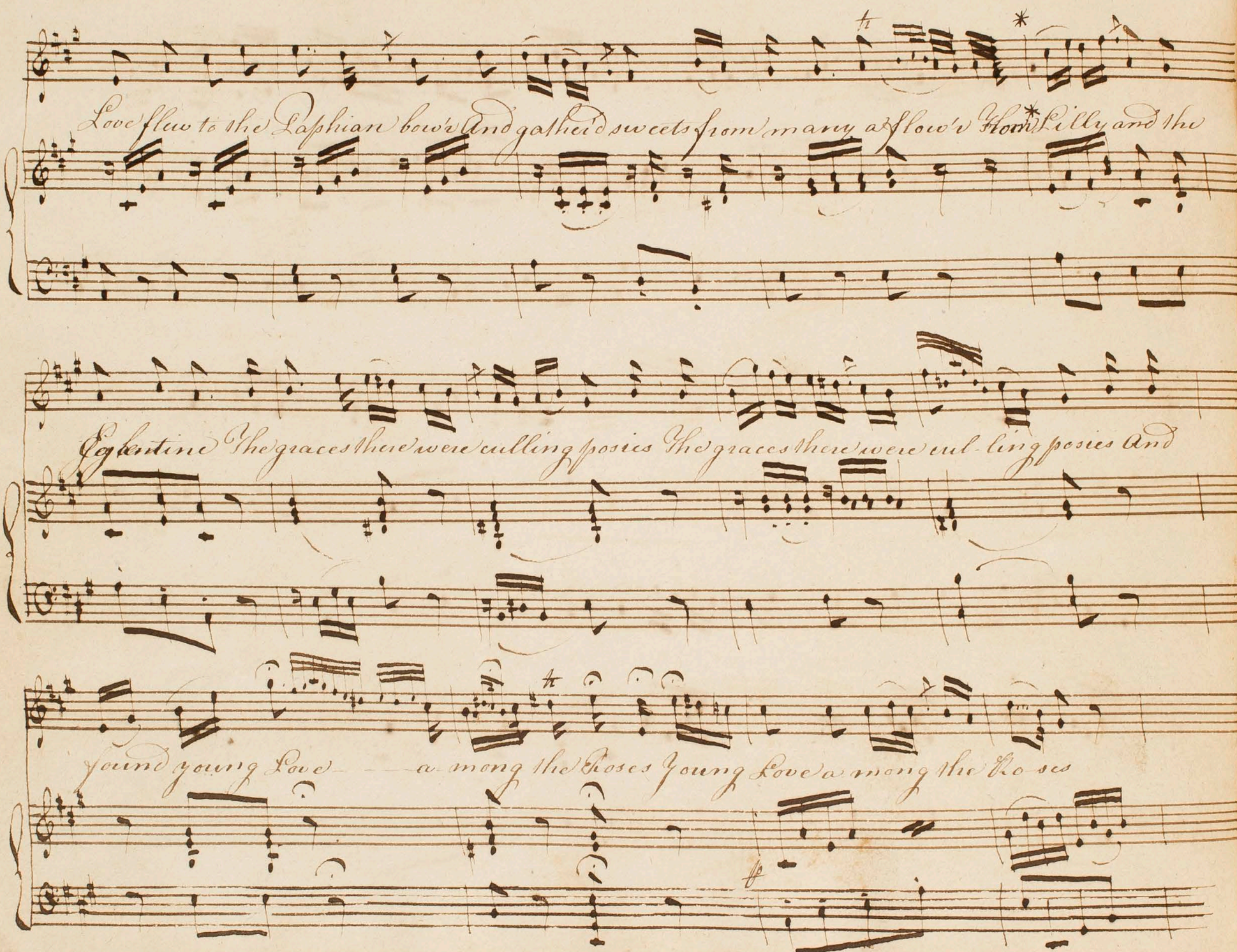


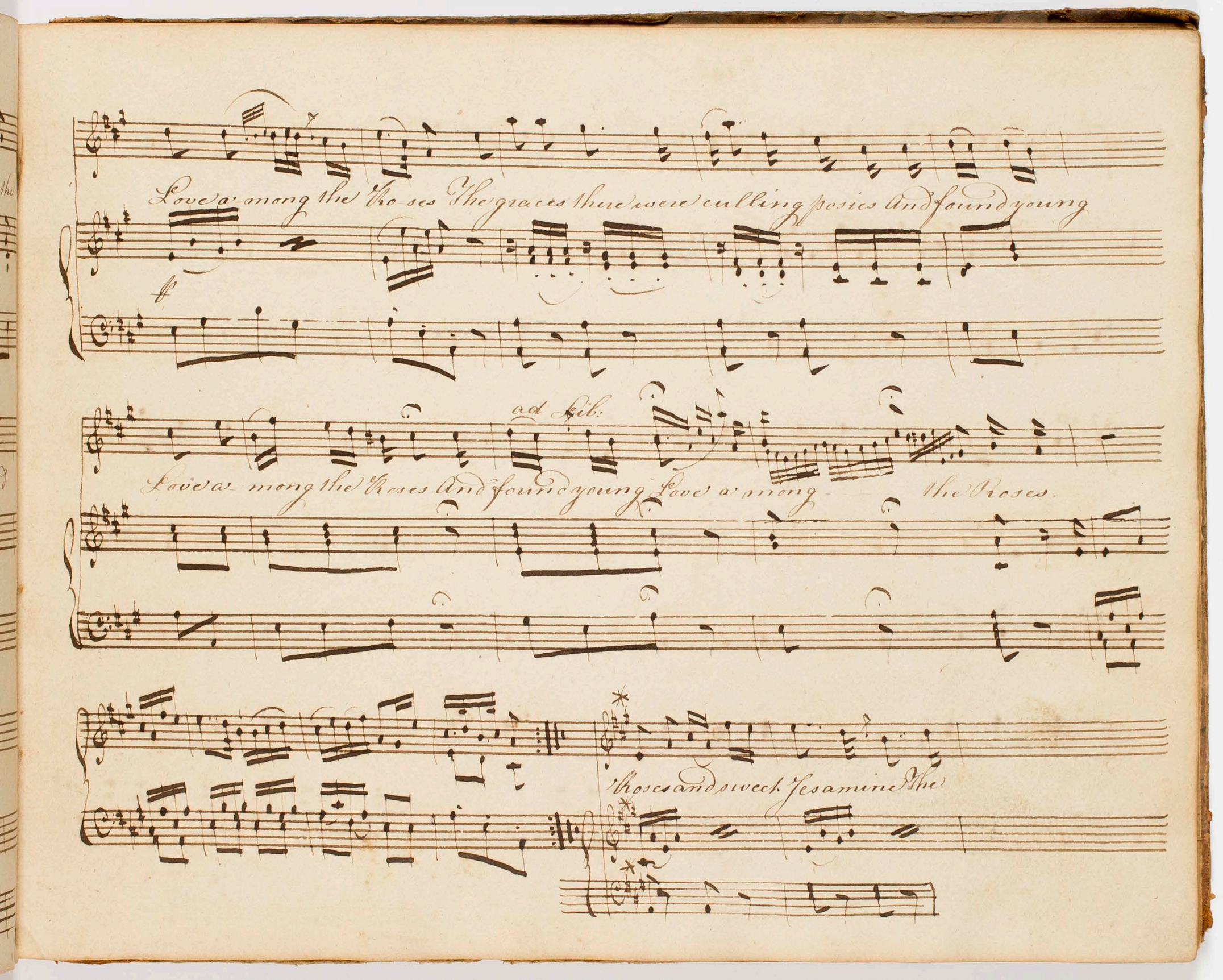

stands to view thy beauteous face
Phoebus by fleetest
stands to view thy beauteous face Phoebus by fleetest Coursers borne Phoebus by fleetest
1
2
Coursers borne sees none so fair in all his race sees none so fair in all his race all his race
Coursers borne sees none so fair in all his race sees none so fair in all his race all his race
1
2
The circling hours that lay behind would draw fresh beauties from thine eye
The circling hours that lay behind would draw fresh beauties from thine eye yet ah!
N. 5.


in pi-ty Yet ah! in pi-ty in pity to mankind still wapt in pleasing vi-sions
in pi-ty yet ah! in pi-ty in pity to mankind still wapt in pleasing vi-sions
lie still wapt in pleasing vi-sions lie
lie still wapt in pleasing vi-sions lie


Love among the Roses

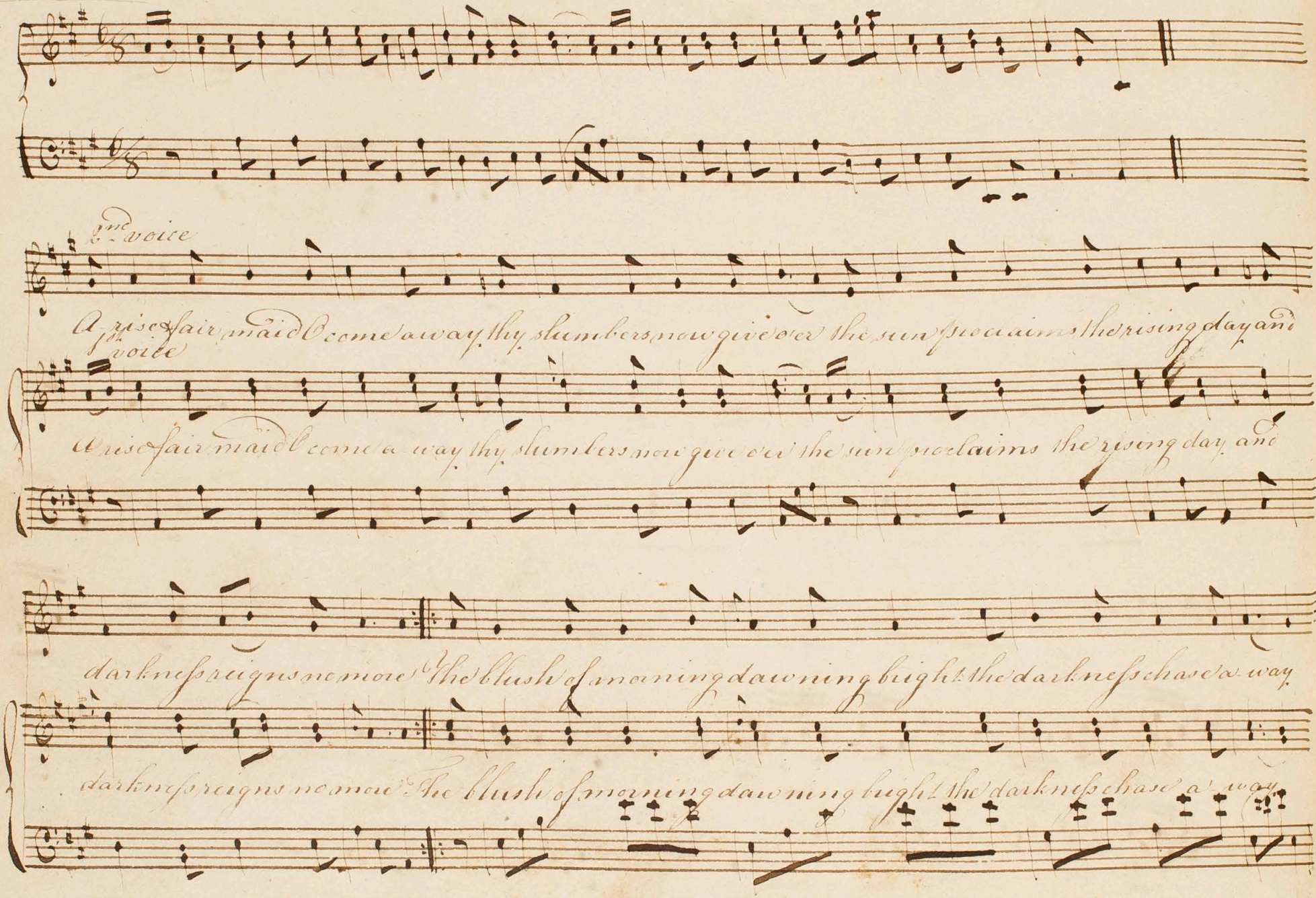
Young Love flew to the Paphian bow'r, And gather'd sweets from many a flow'r From
roses and sweet Jesamine, The Lilly and the Eglantine Young
V.S.
Oh happy day O joyous hour
Compose a wreath of ev'ry flow'r
Lets bind him to us ne'er to sever,
Young Love shall dwell with us forever.
Eternal spring the wreath composes,
Content is Love among the Roses
Young Love &c.

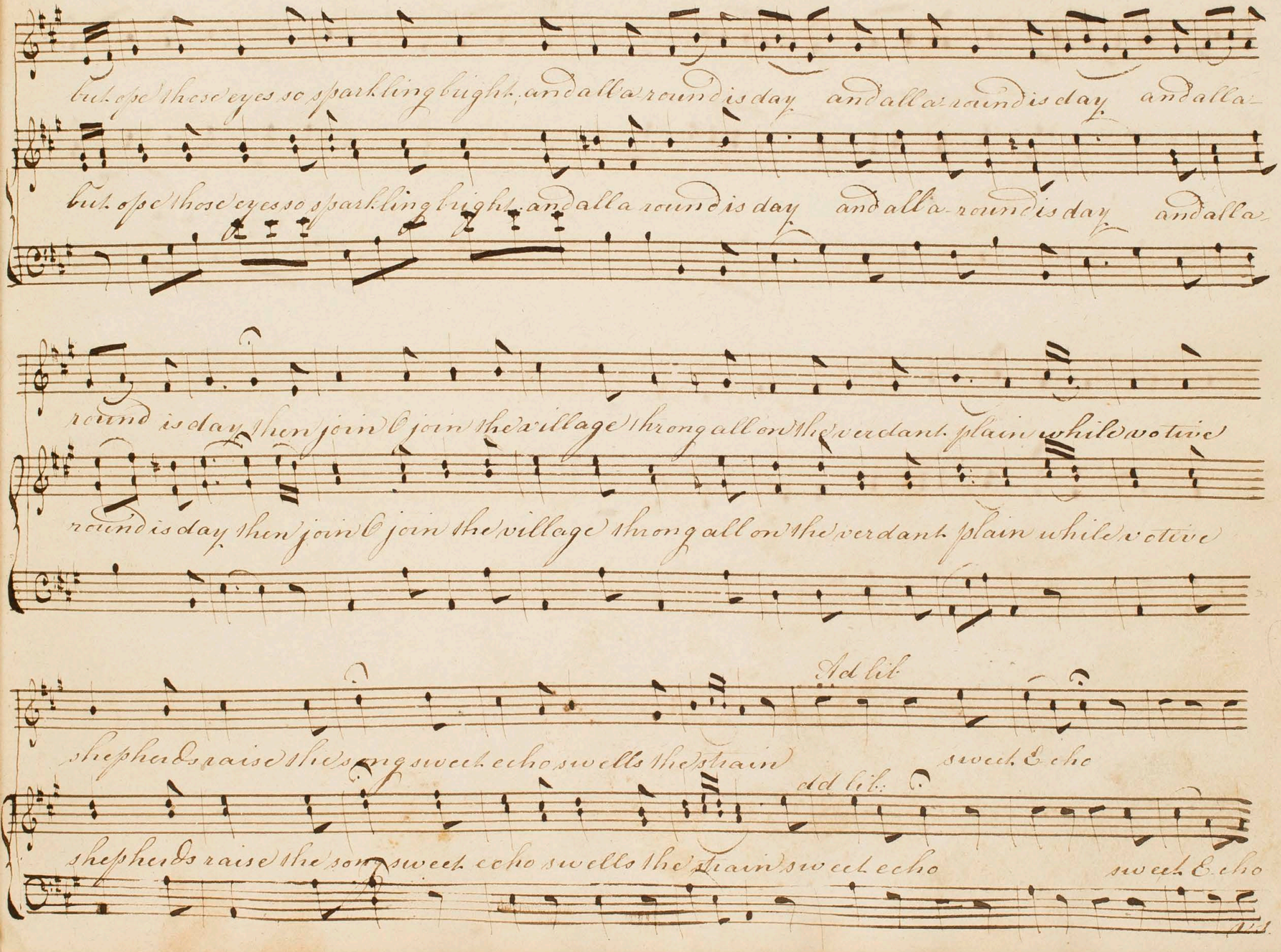

Love flew to the Daphian bow'r And gather'd sweets from many a flow'r Flow'r Lilly and the
Eglantine The graces there were culling posies The graces there were cul-ling posies And
found young Love — among the Roses Young Love among the Ro-ses

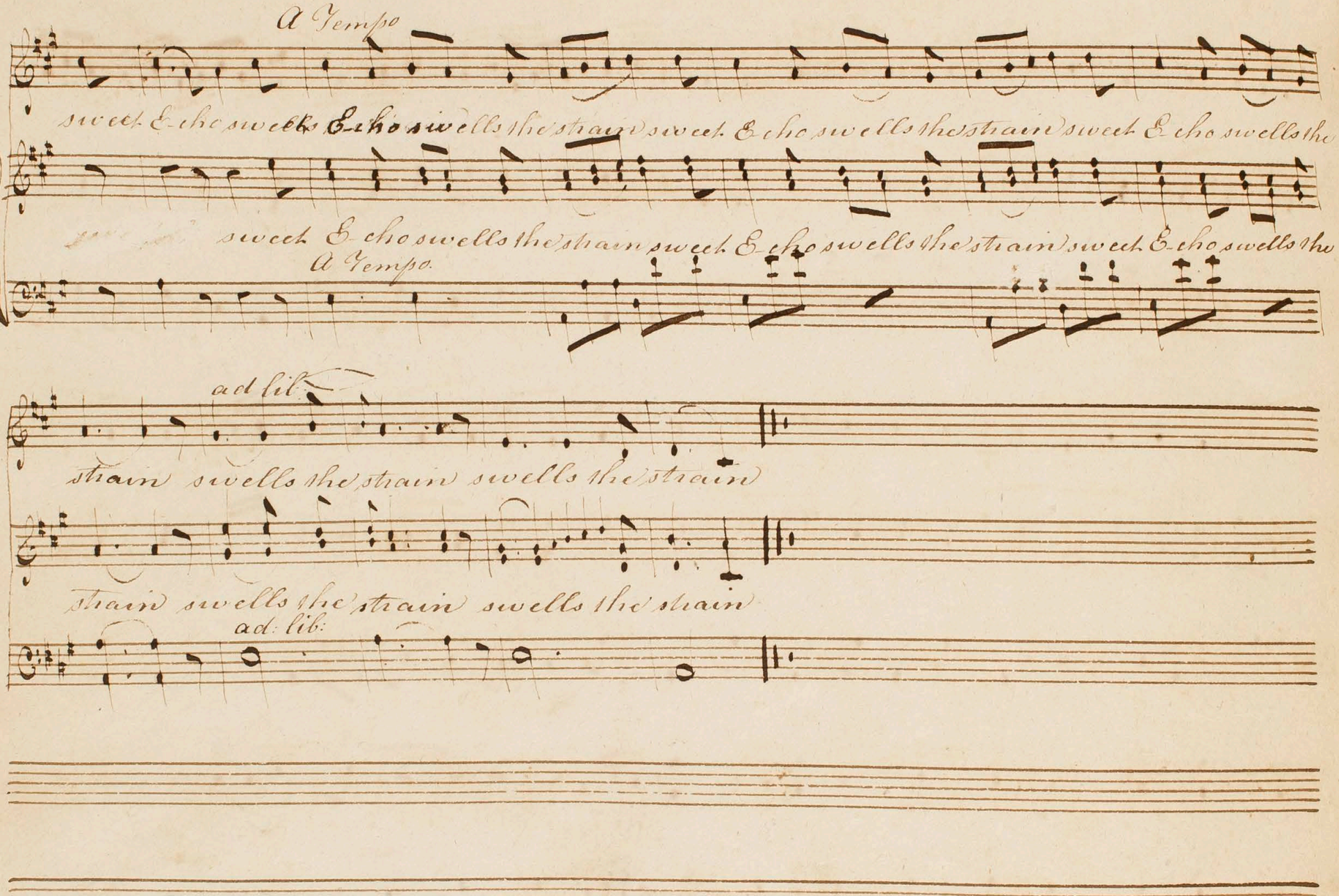

Love a-mong the Roses The graces there were culling posies And found young
ad Lib:
Love a- mong the Roses And found young Love a-mong the Roses.
Roses and sweet Jesamine The

Salutation, A Duett.

Andantino

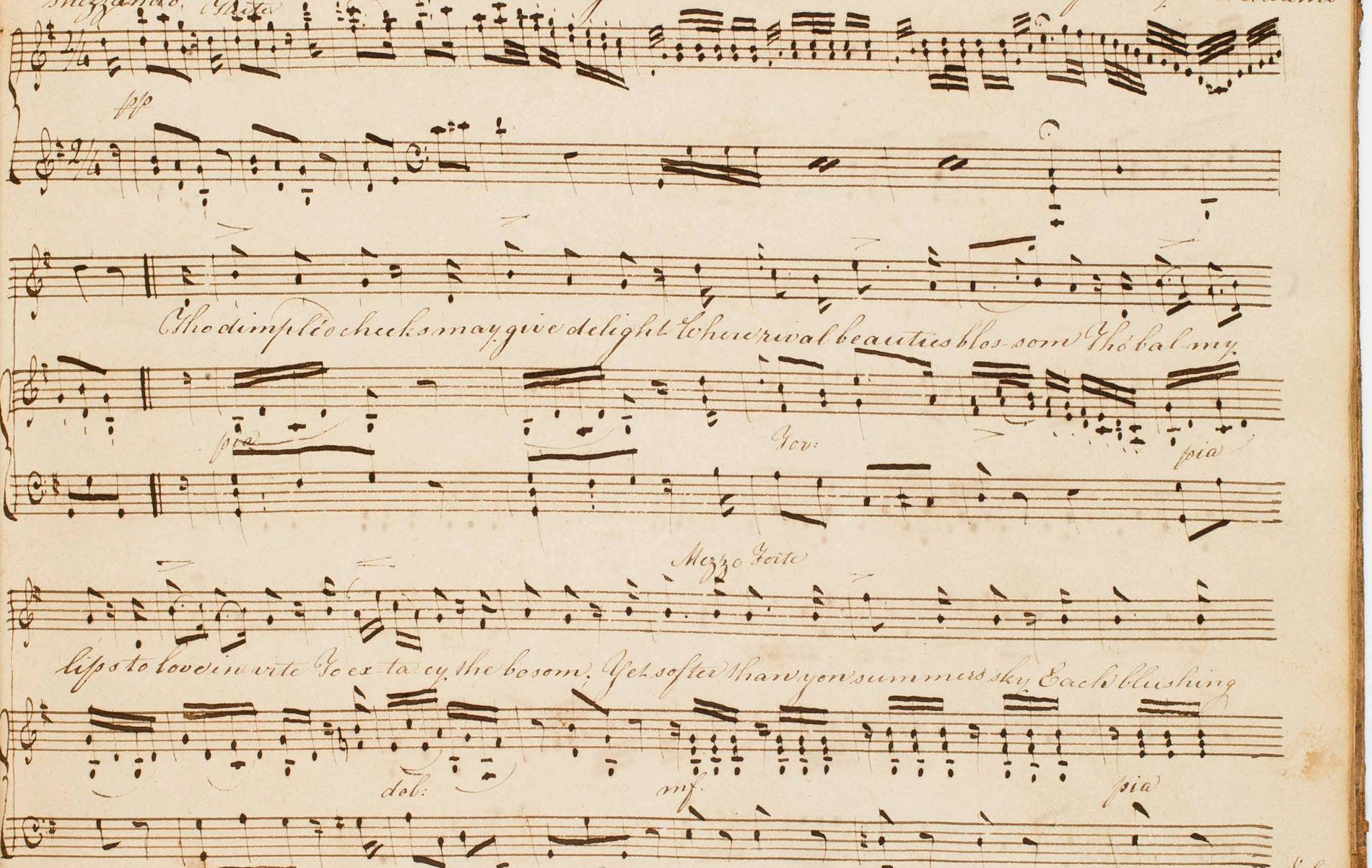


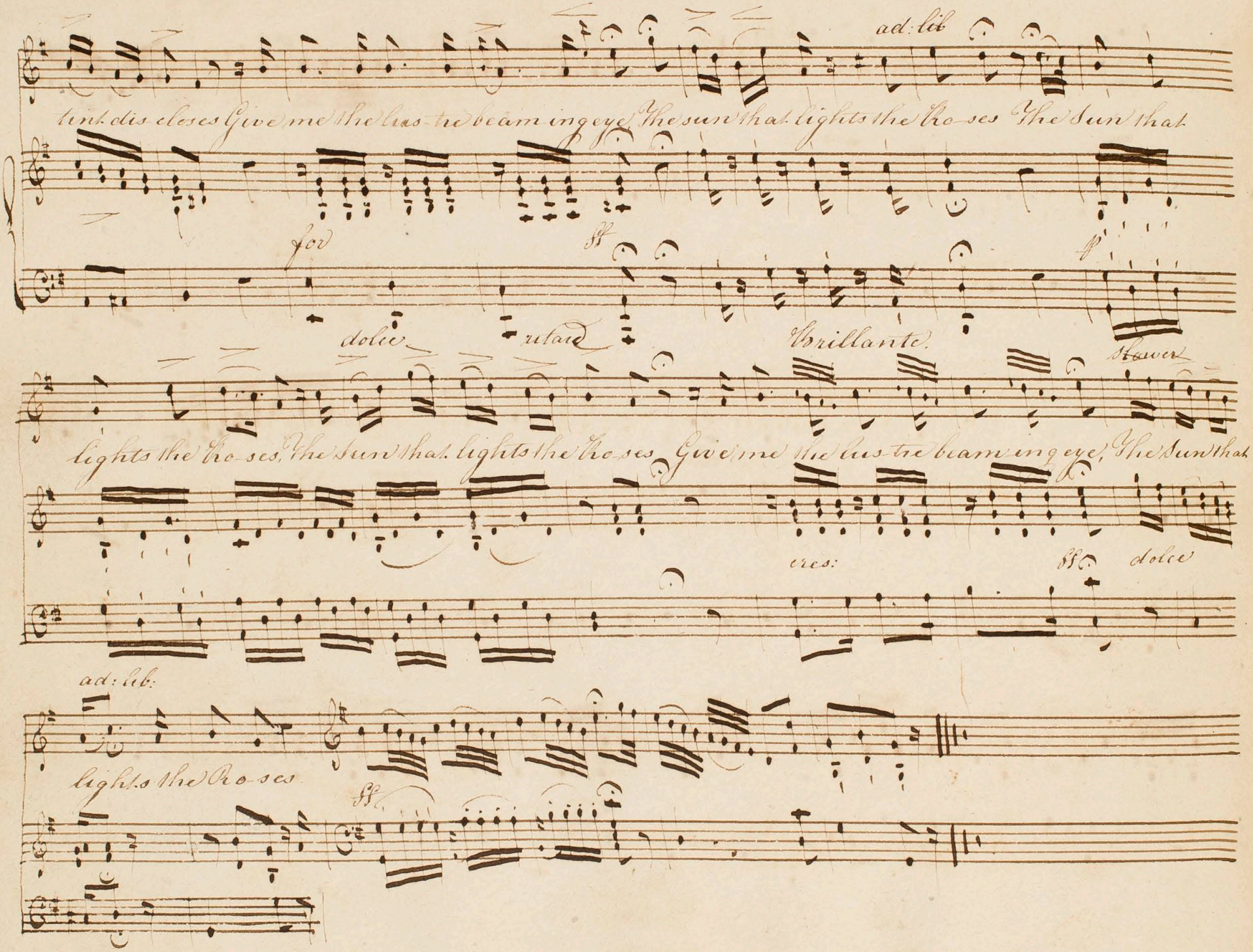

but ope those eyes so sparkling bright and all a round is day and all a round is day and all a
but ope those eyes so sparkling bright and all a round is day and all a round is day and all a
round is day then join & join the village throng all on the verdant plain while votive
round is day then join & join the village throng all on the verdant plain while votive
shepherds raise the song sweet echo swells the strain
shepherds raise the song sweet echo swells the strain sweet echo
sweet & cho
add lib.
add lib.


A Tempo
sweet Echo swells the strain sweet Echo swells the strain sweet Echo swells the strain sweet Echo swells the
sweet Echo swells the strain sweet Echo swells the strain sweet Echo swells the
A Tempo
ad lib
strain swells the strain swells the strain
strain swells the strain swells the strain
ad. lib:

The Sun that lights the Roses

Written by J. C. Lake Esqr
Composed by T. Williams

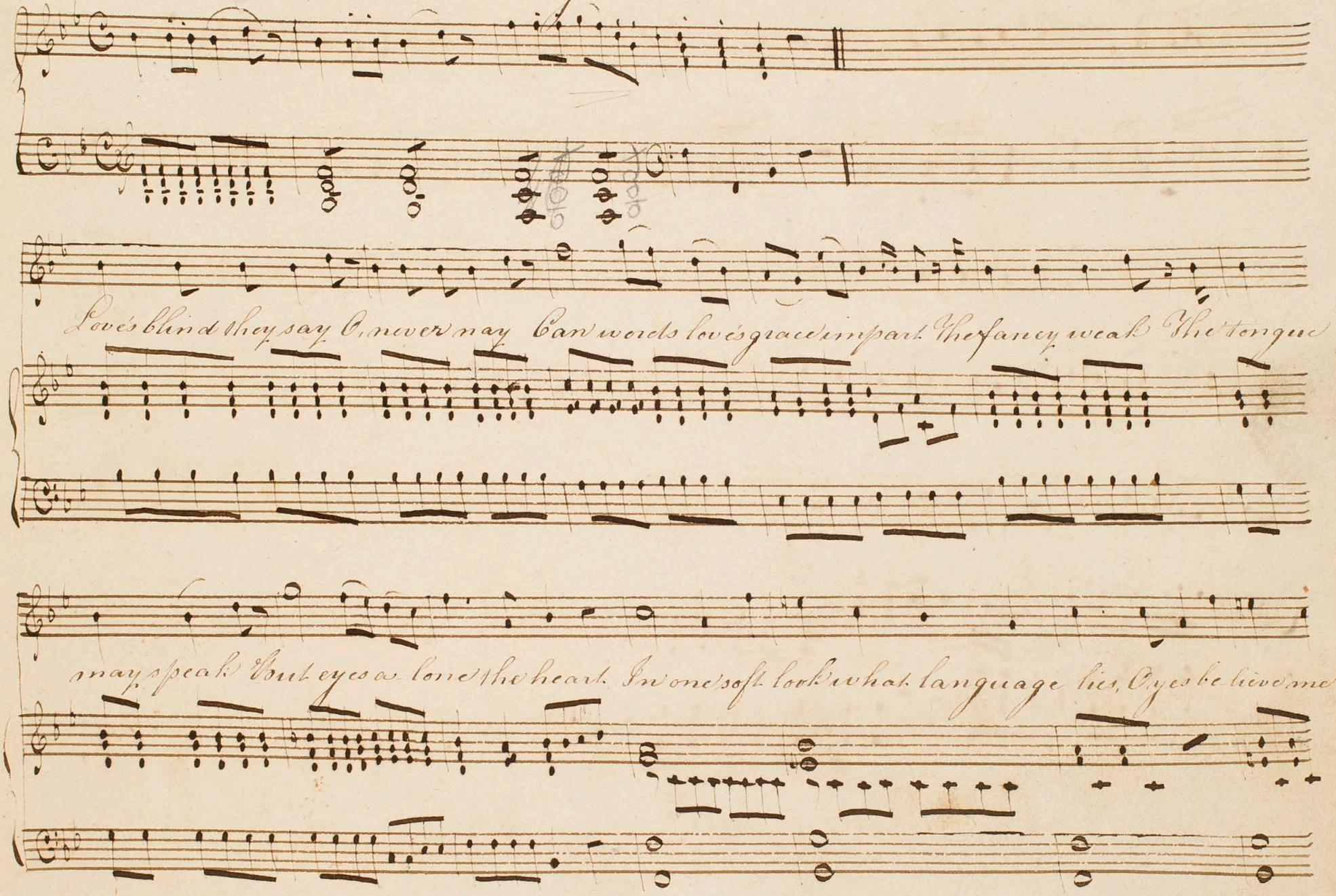


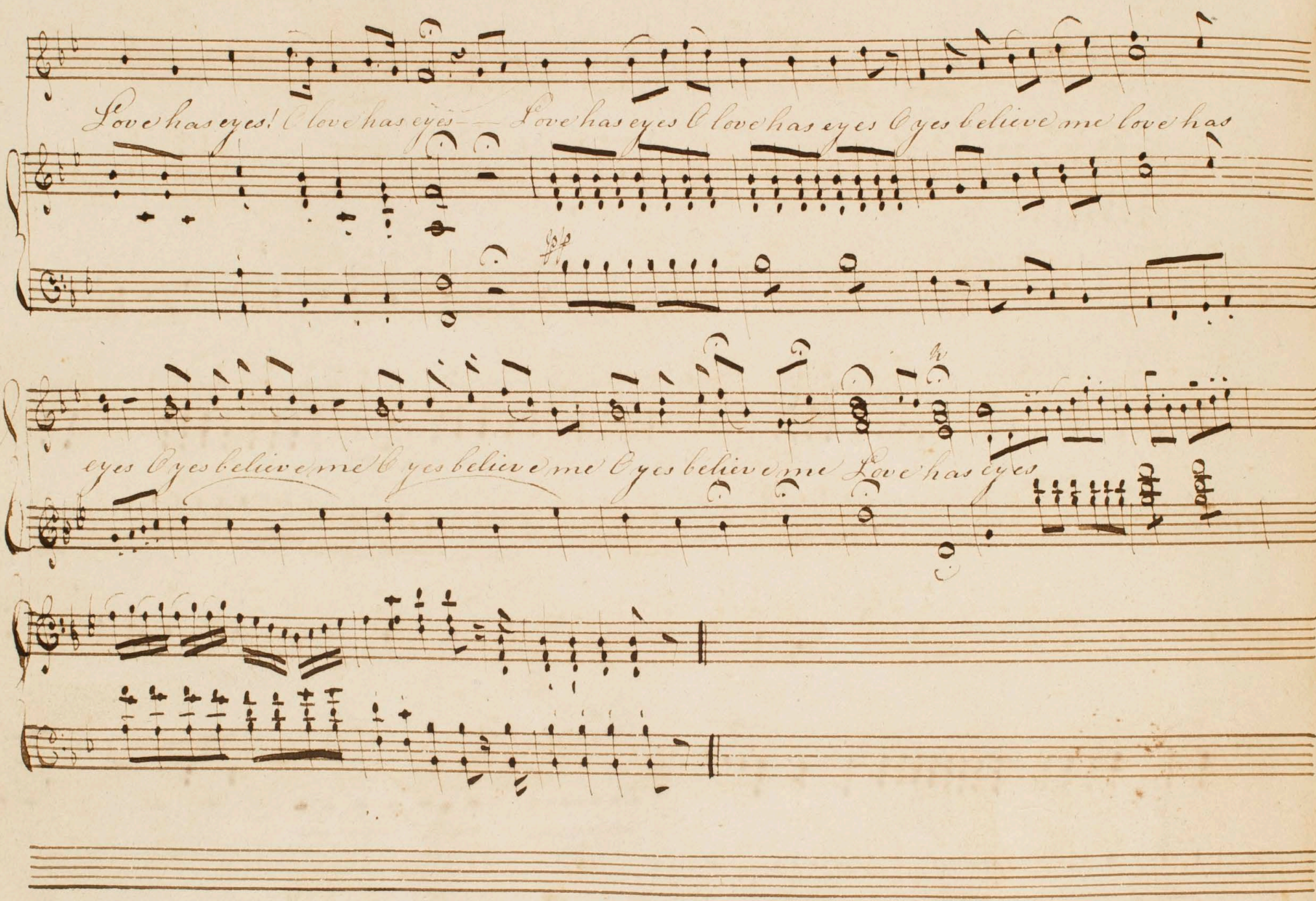

ad: lib
tint dis-closes Give me the lus-tre beam in g eye, The sun that lights the Ro-ses The Sun that
for
ff
p
dolce
ritard
Brillante.
Slower
lights the Ro-ses, The Sun that lights the Ro-ses Give me the lus-tre beam in g eye, The Sun that
cres:
ff
dolce
ad: lib:
lights the Ro-ses
ff

Allegretto
Moderato

Love has Eyes.

Composed by H. R. Bishop

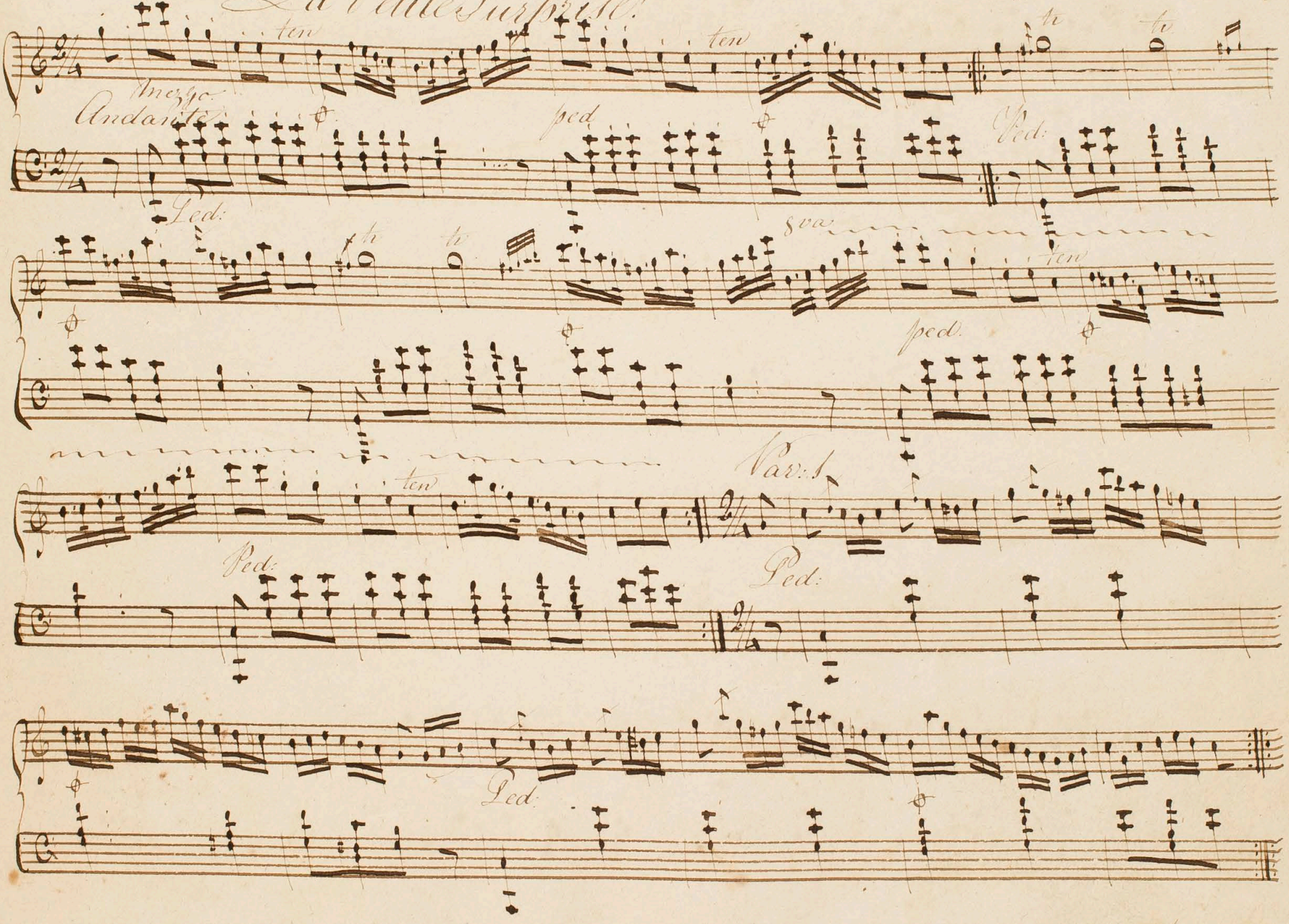



Love has eyes! Love has eyes — Love has eyes Love has eyes Eyes believe me love has
eyes Eyes believe me Eyes believe me Eyes believe me Love has eyes

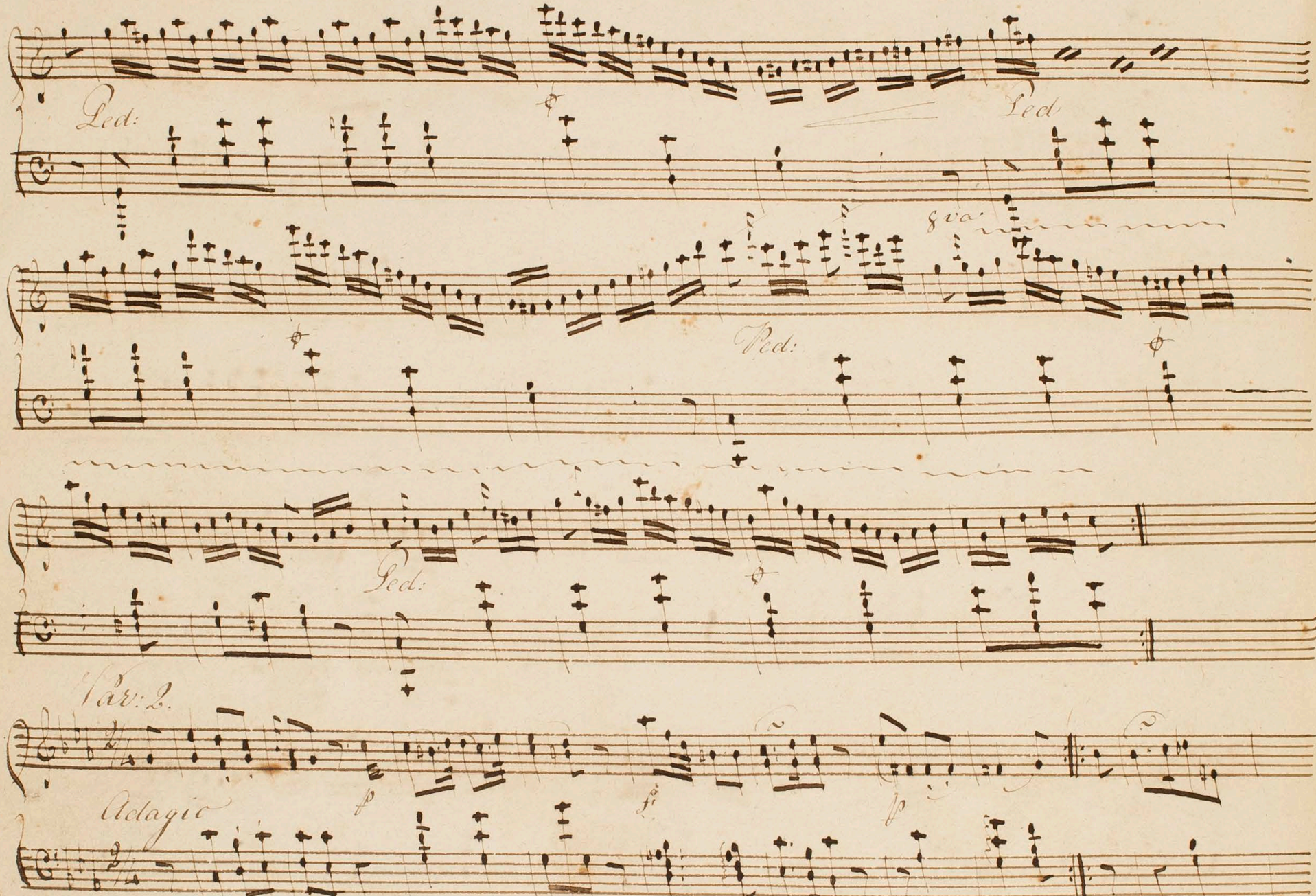
Thema.

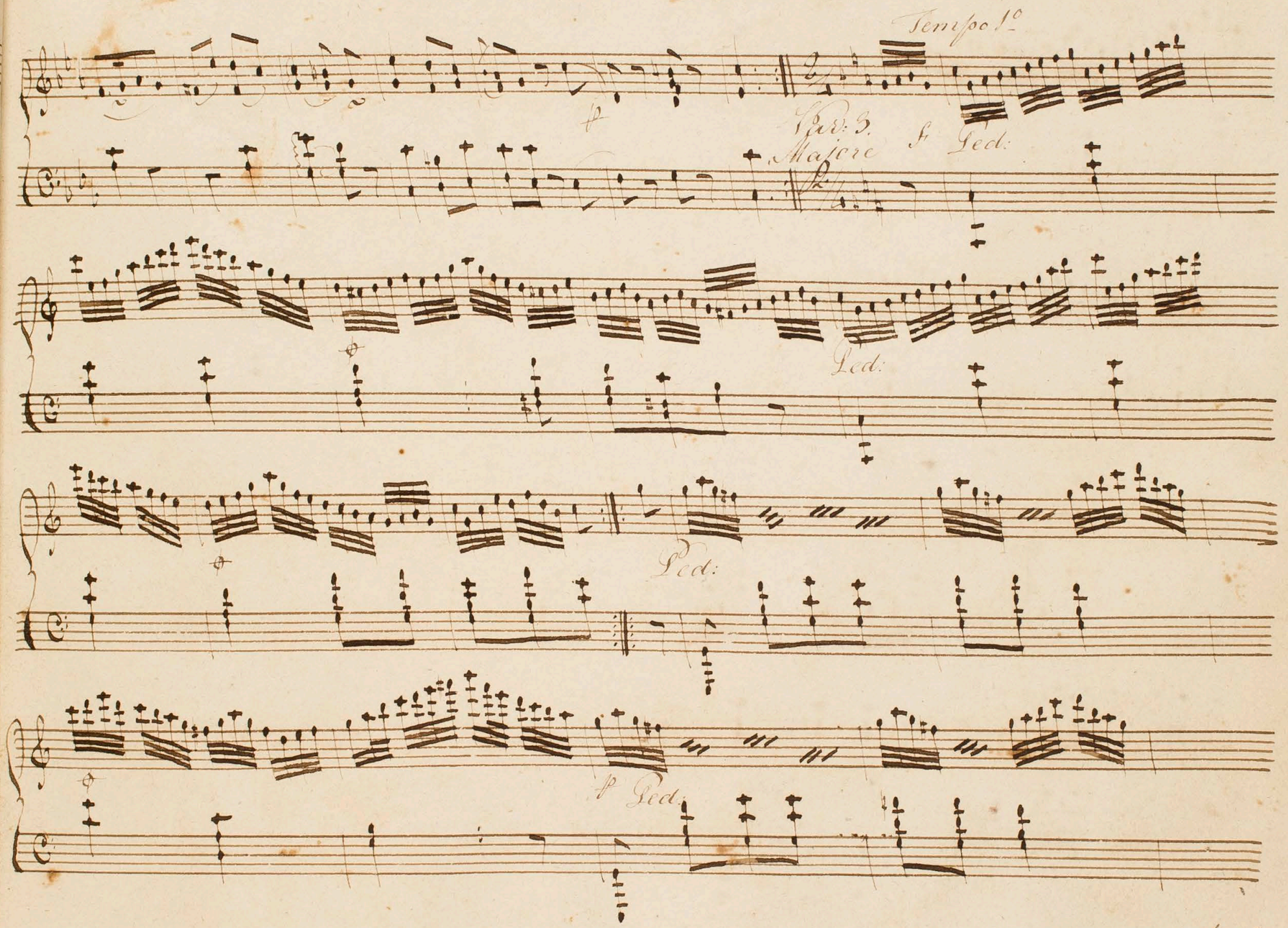
La Petite Surprise!

Composed by A. M. Adam.

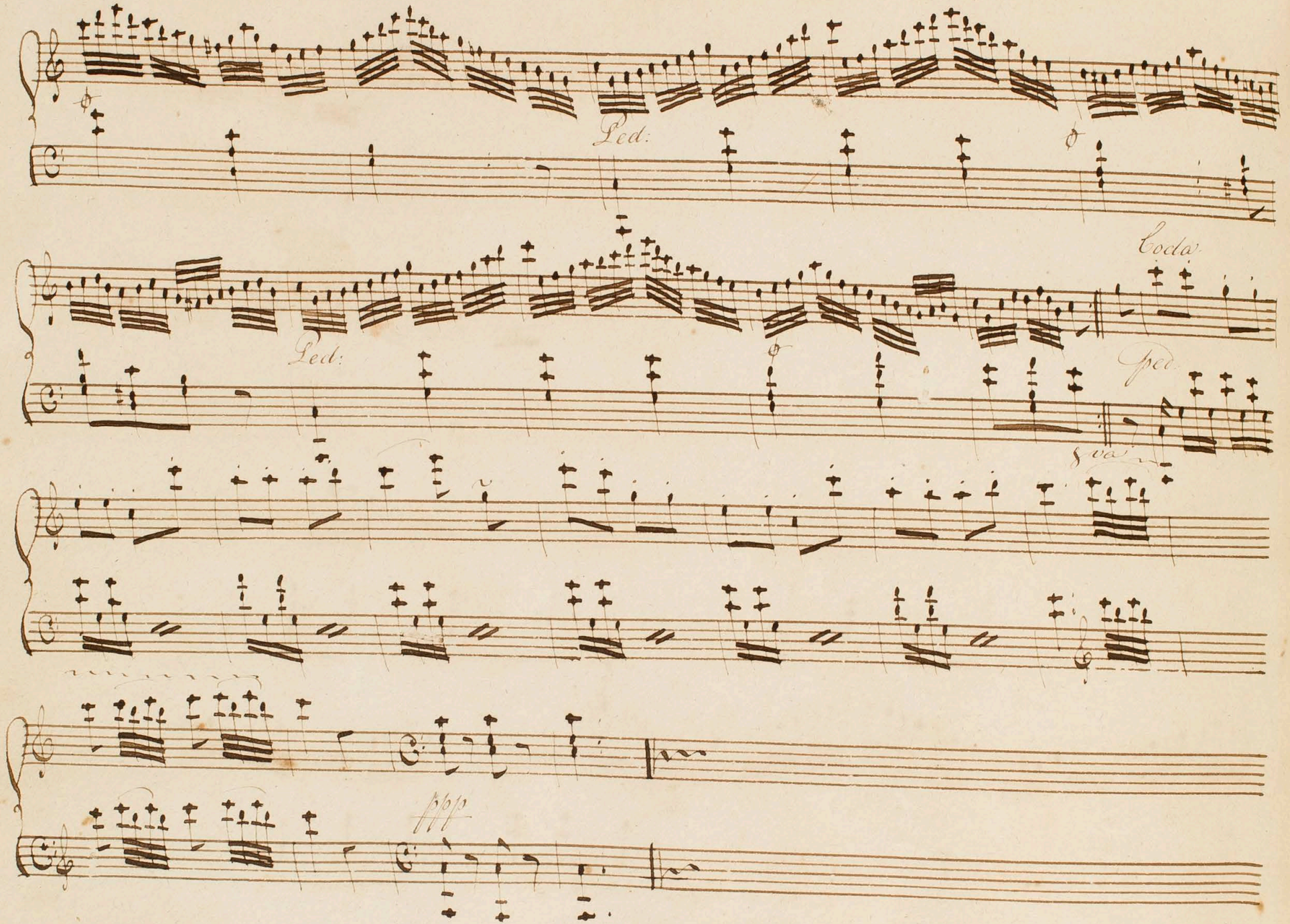


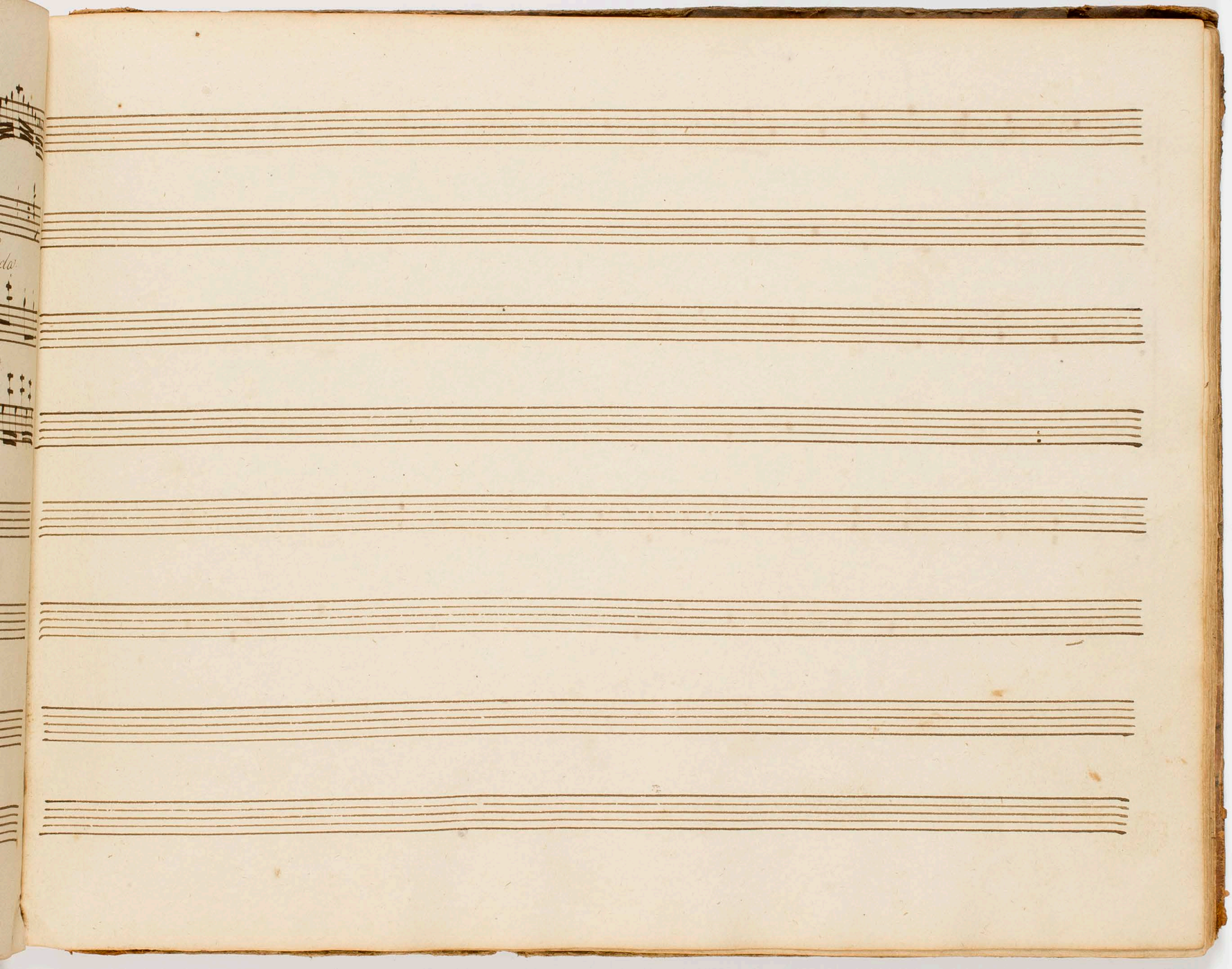
V. S.


Ped:
Ped:
8va:
Ped:
Ped:
Var: 2.
Adagio
Minore

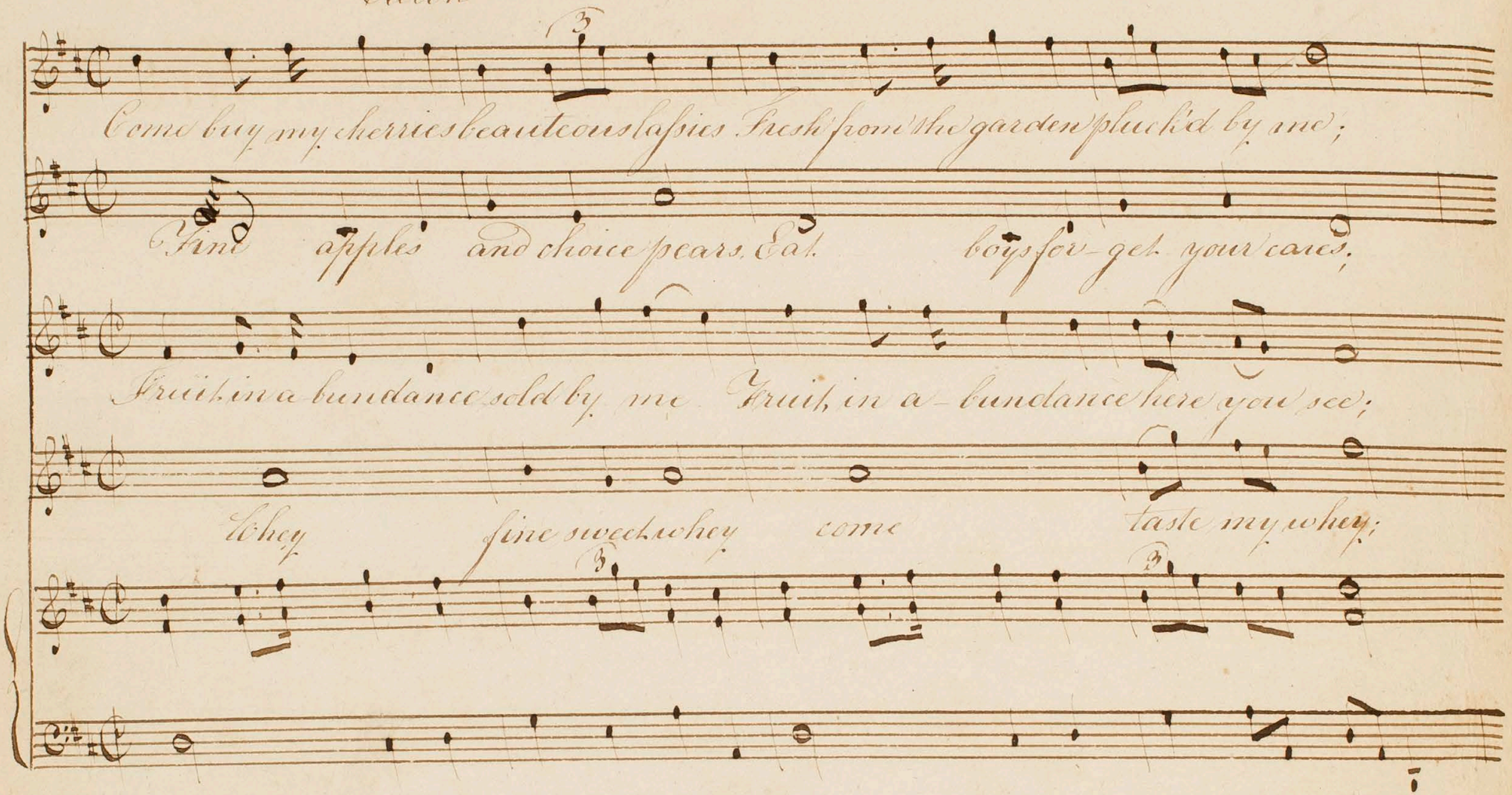


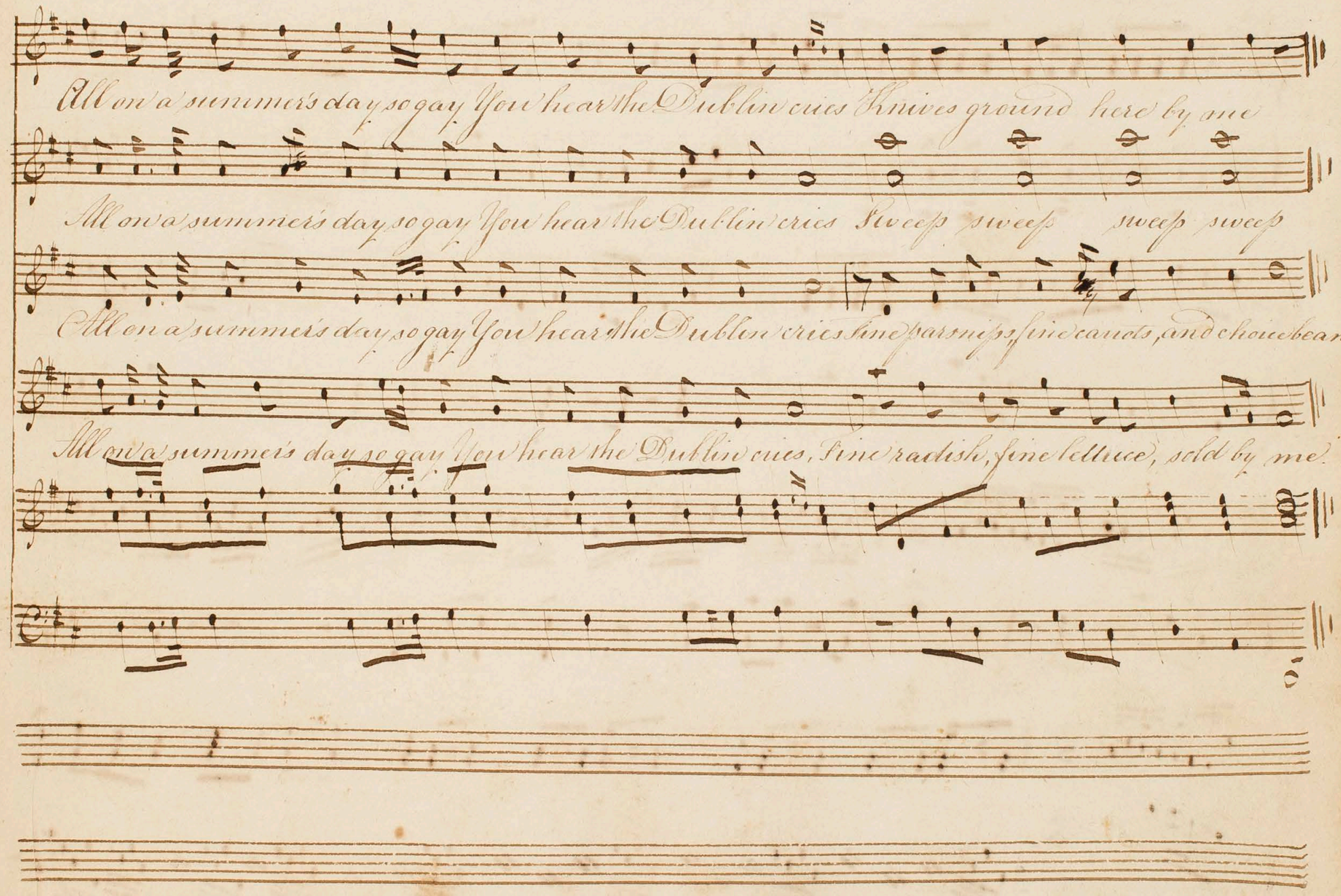
V. S.


Ped.
Ped.
Coda
Ped.
8va
fff



Catch

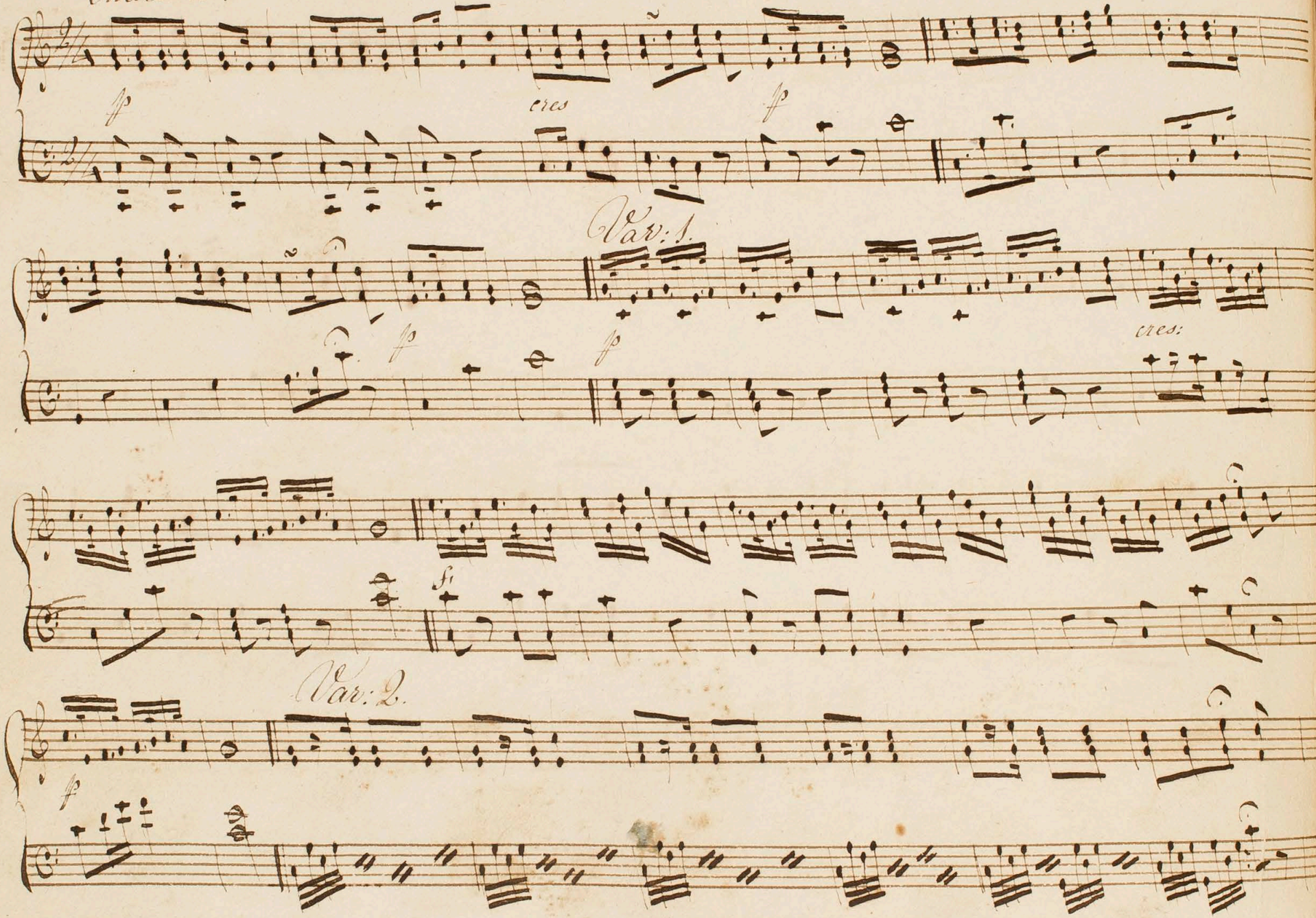

Come buy my cherries beauteous lasses Fresh from the garden plucked by me;
Fine apples and choice pears Eat boys for-get your cares;
Fruit in a bundance sold by me Fruit, in a-bundance here you see;
Whey fine sweet whey come taste my whey;

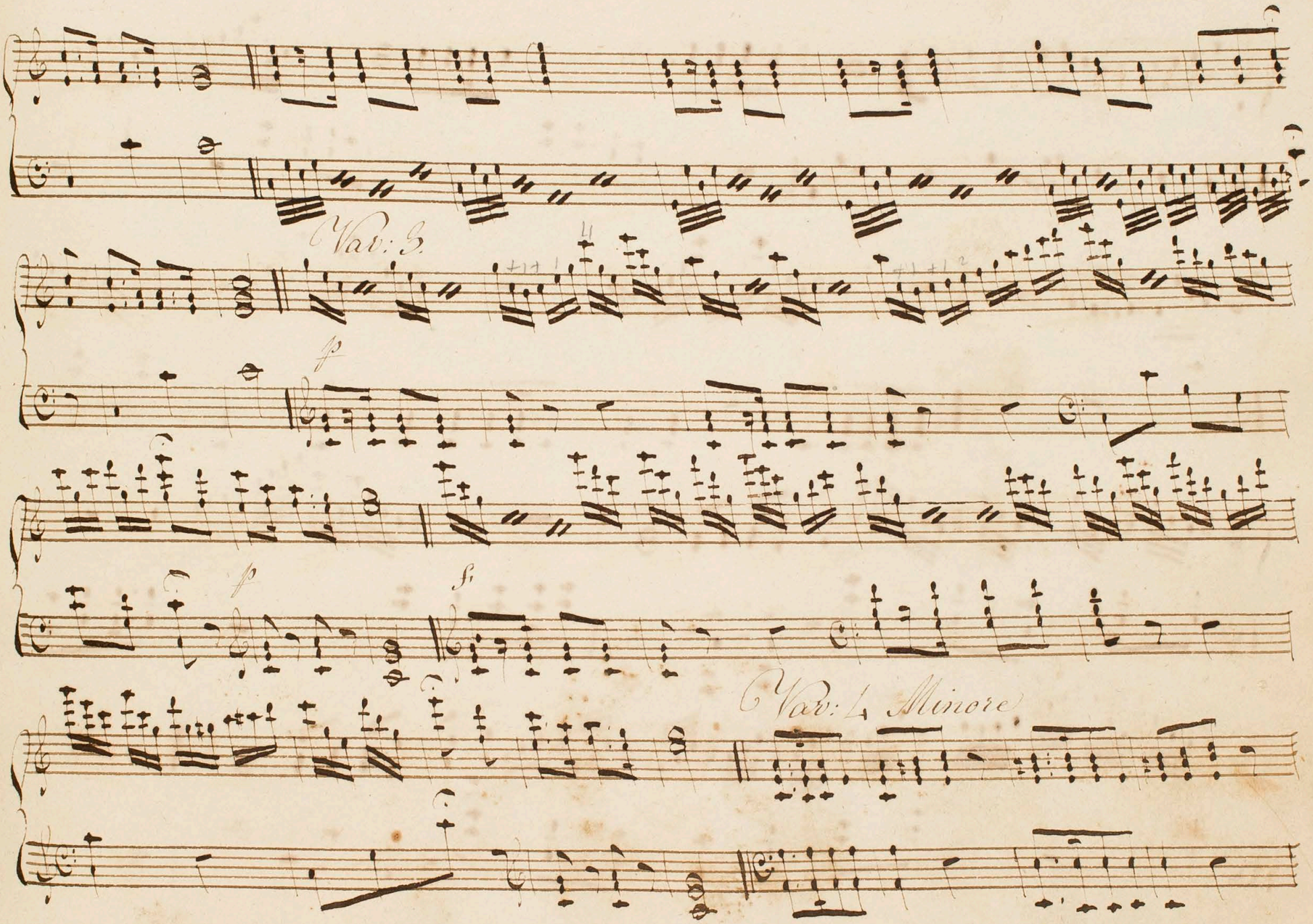

All on a summers day so gay You hear the Dublin cries Knives ground here by me
All on a summers day so gay You hear the Dublin cries Sweep sweep sweep sweep
All on a summers day so gay You hear the Dublin cries fine parsnips, fine carrots, and choice beans
All on a summers day so gay You hear the Dublin cries, fine radish, fine lettuce, sold by me!

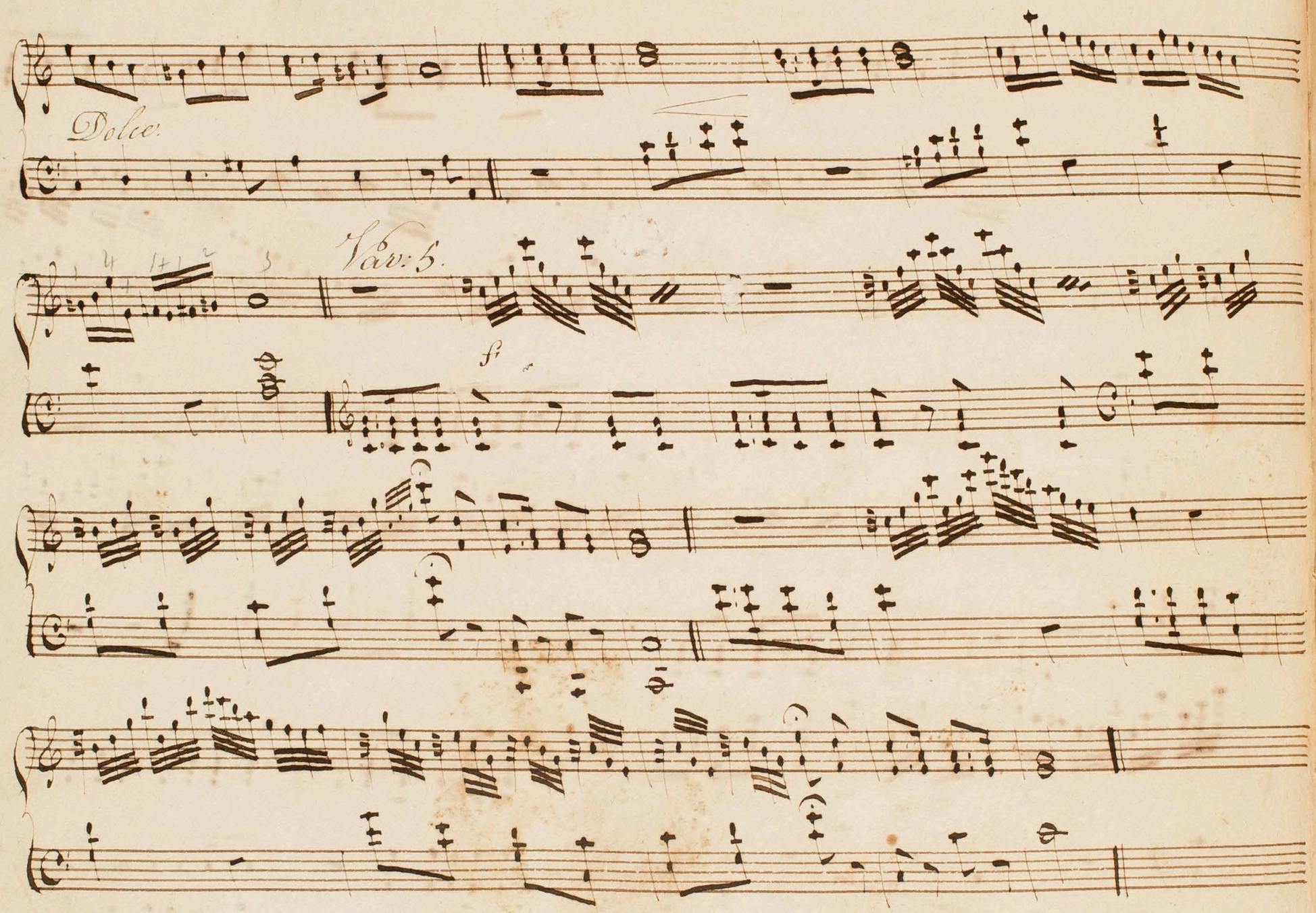
by John Parry.

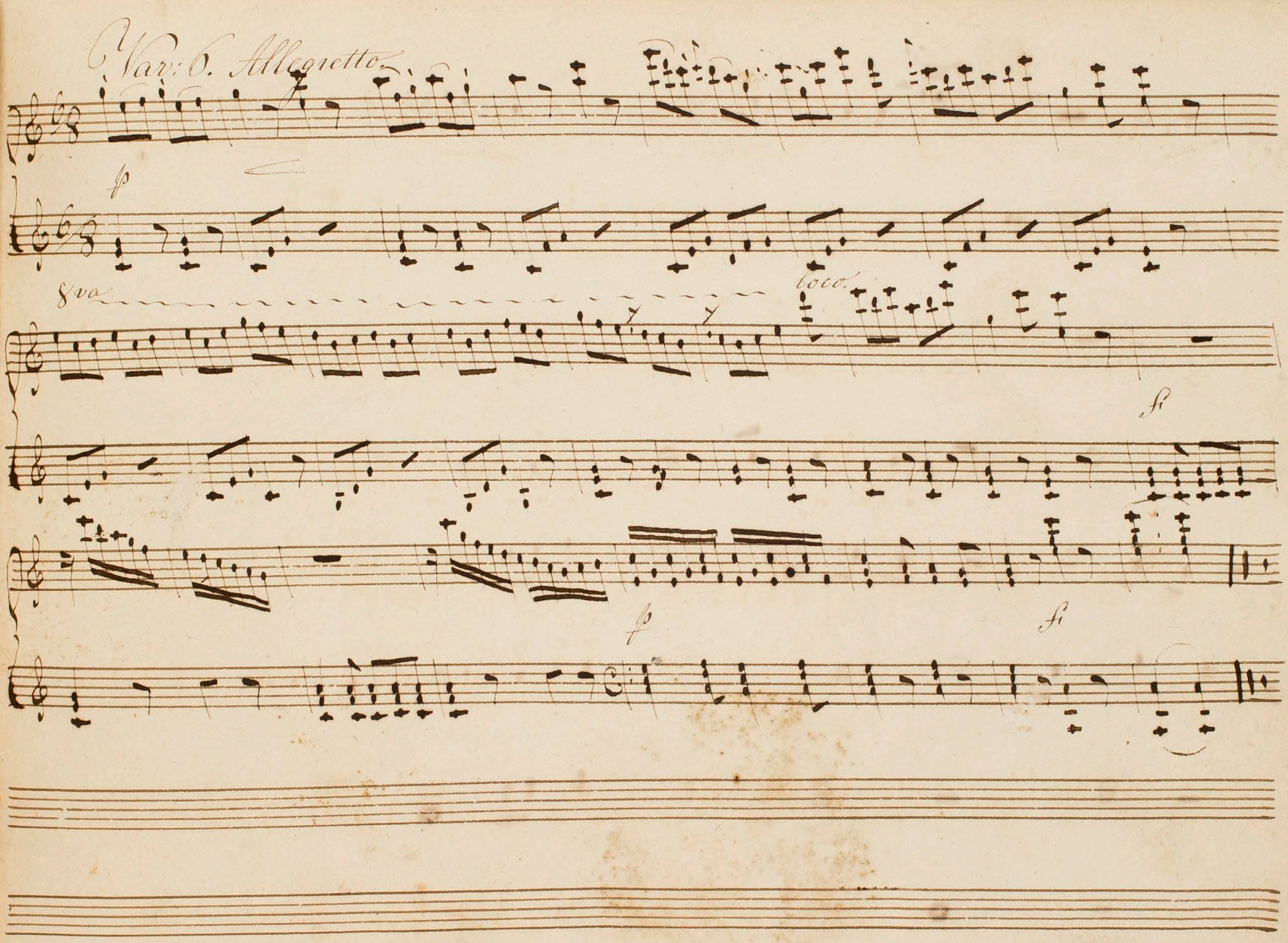
Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled

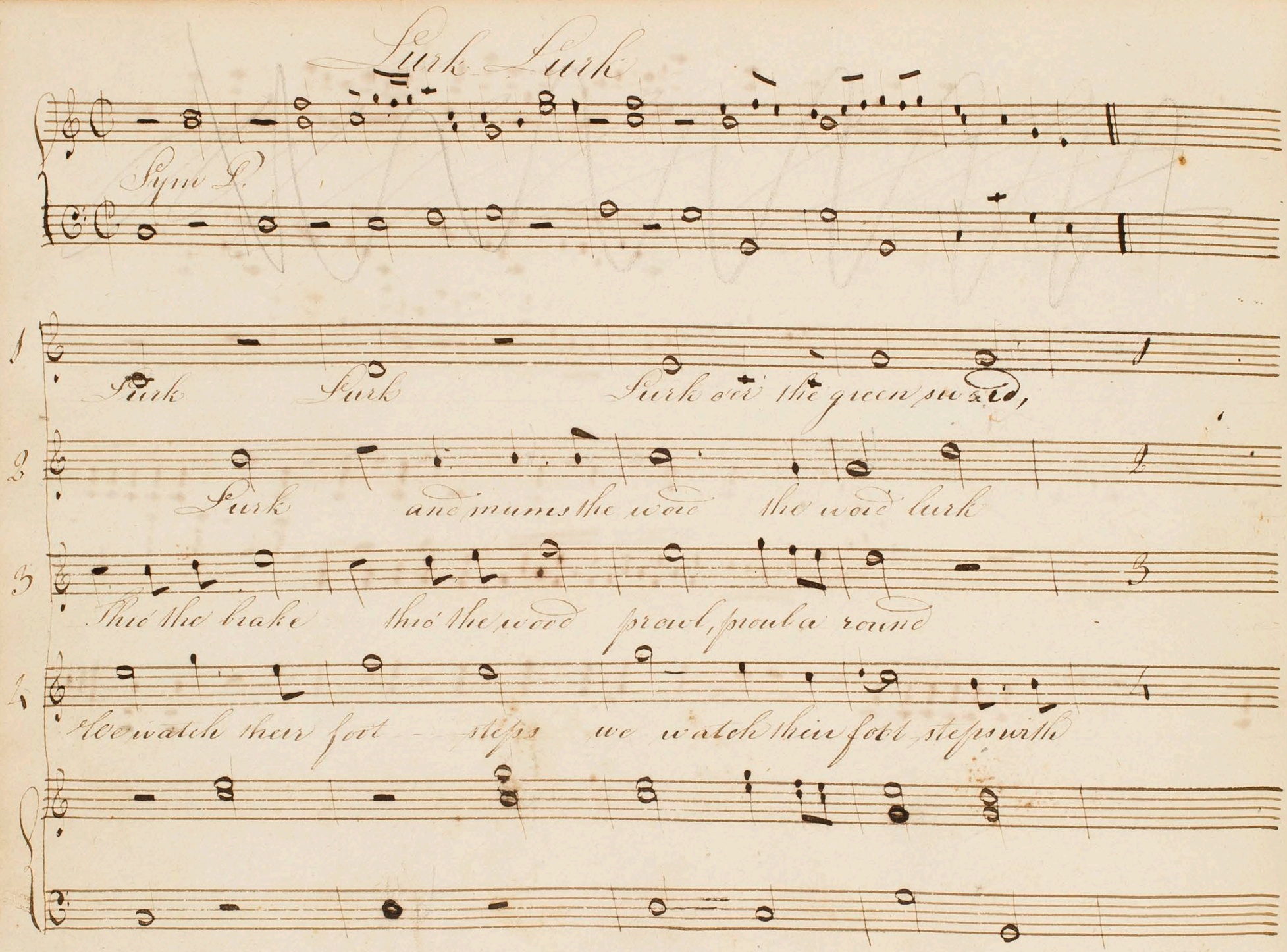
Macstoso.




Var: 3.
p
p
ff
Var: 4 Minore


Dolce.
Var: 5.
sf


Var: 6. Allegretto
fp
8va
loco
fz
fp
fz



Lurk Lurk

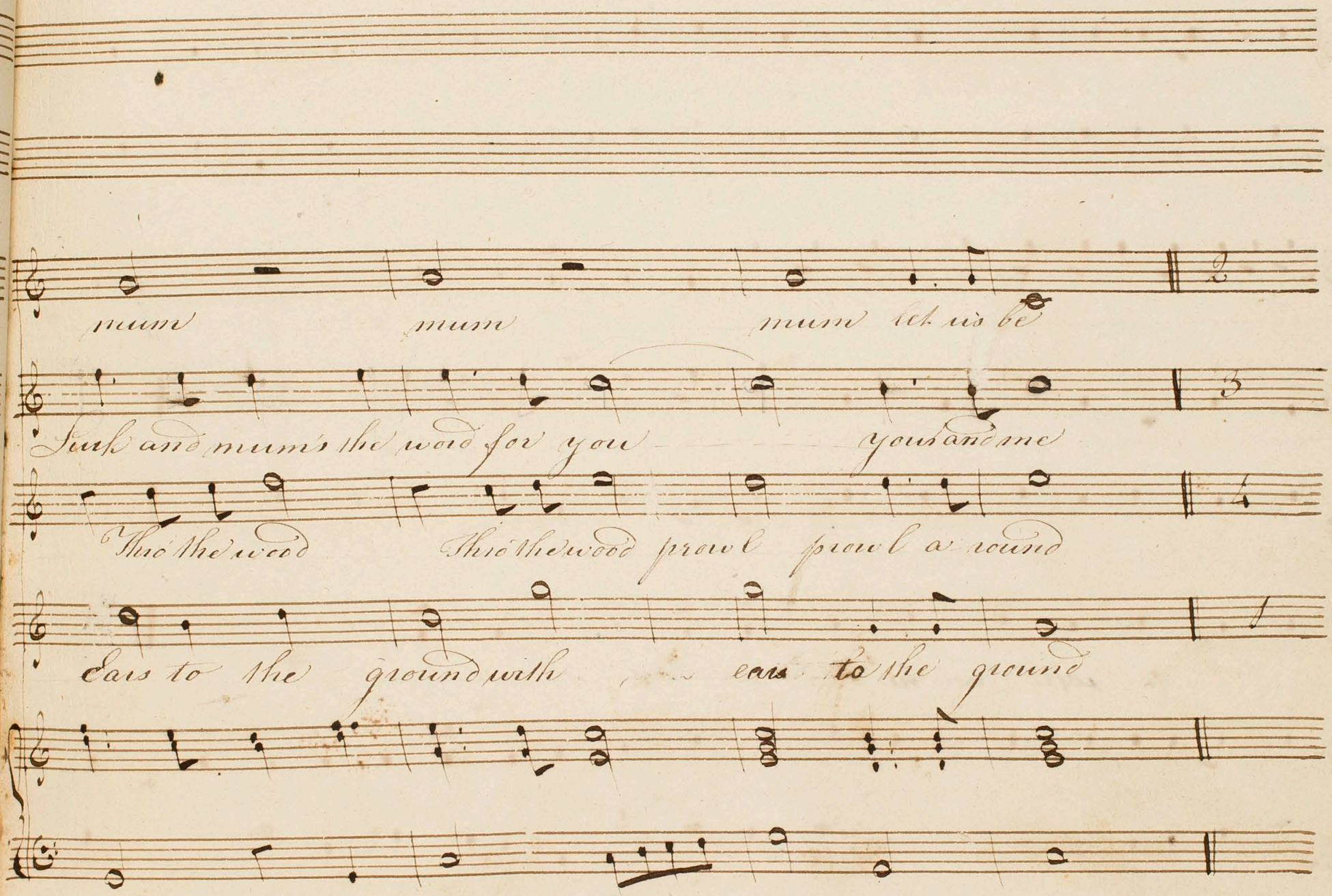
Sym P.

1 Lurk Lurk Lurk o'er the green sward,

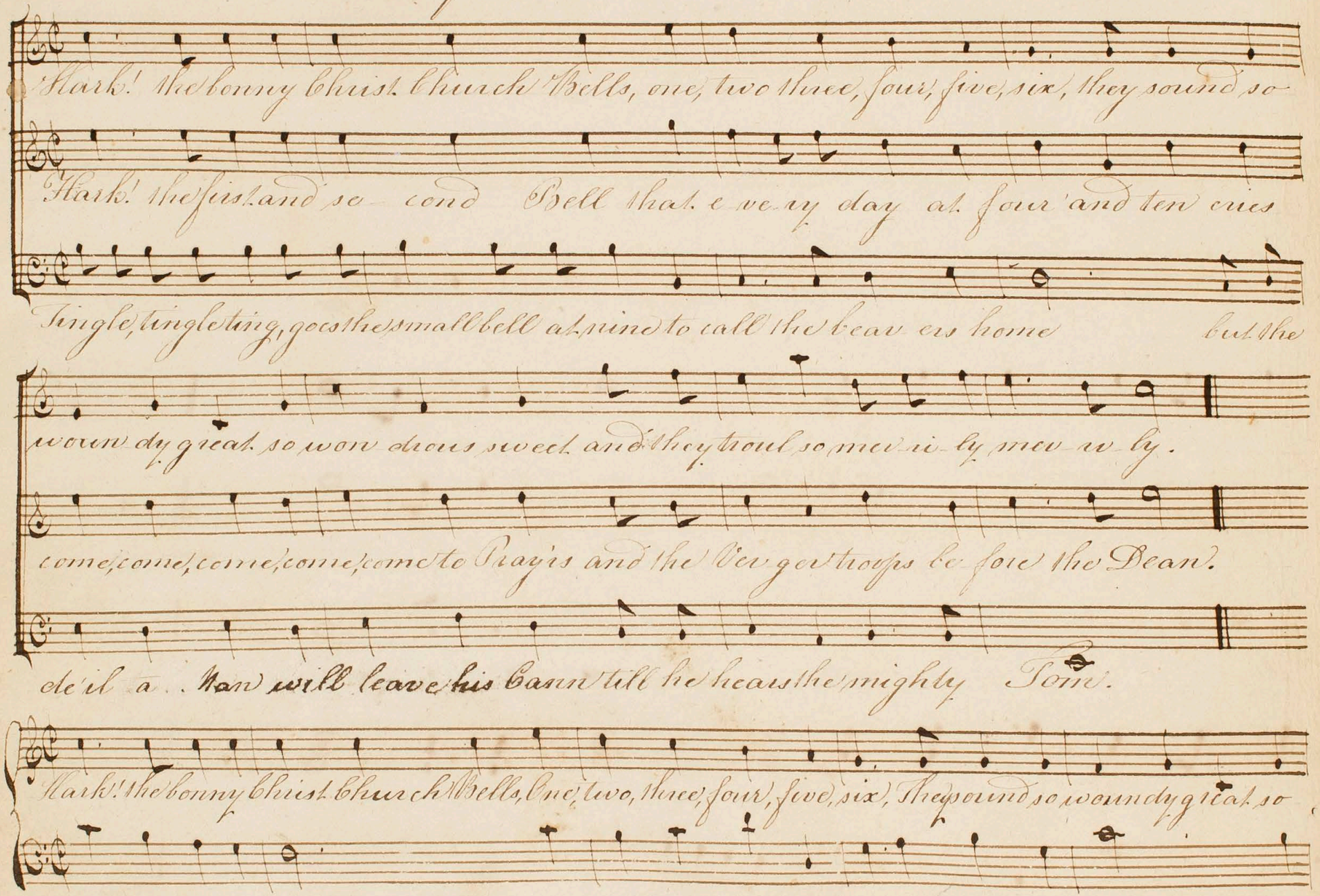
2 Lurk and mums the wood the wood lurk

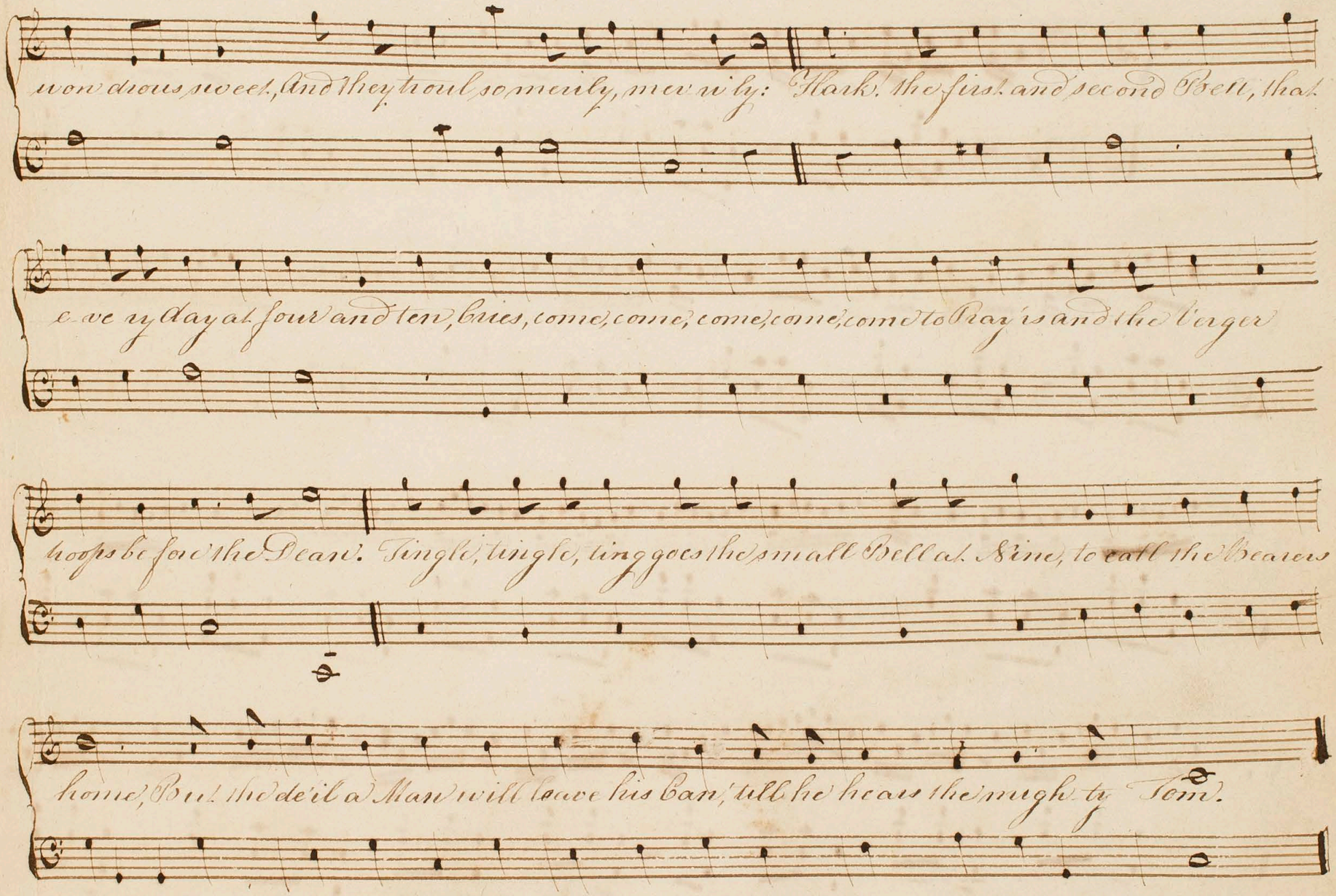
3 Thro' the brake thro' the wood prowl, prowl a round

4 We watch their foot steps we watch their foot steps with

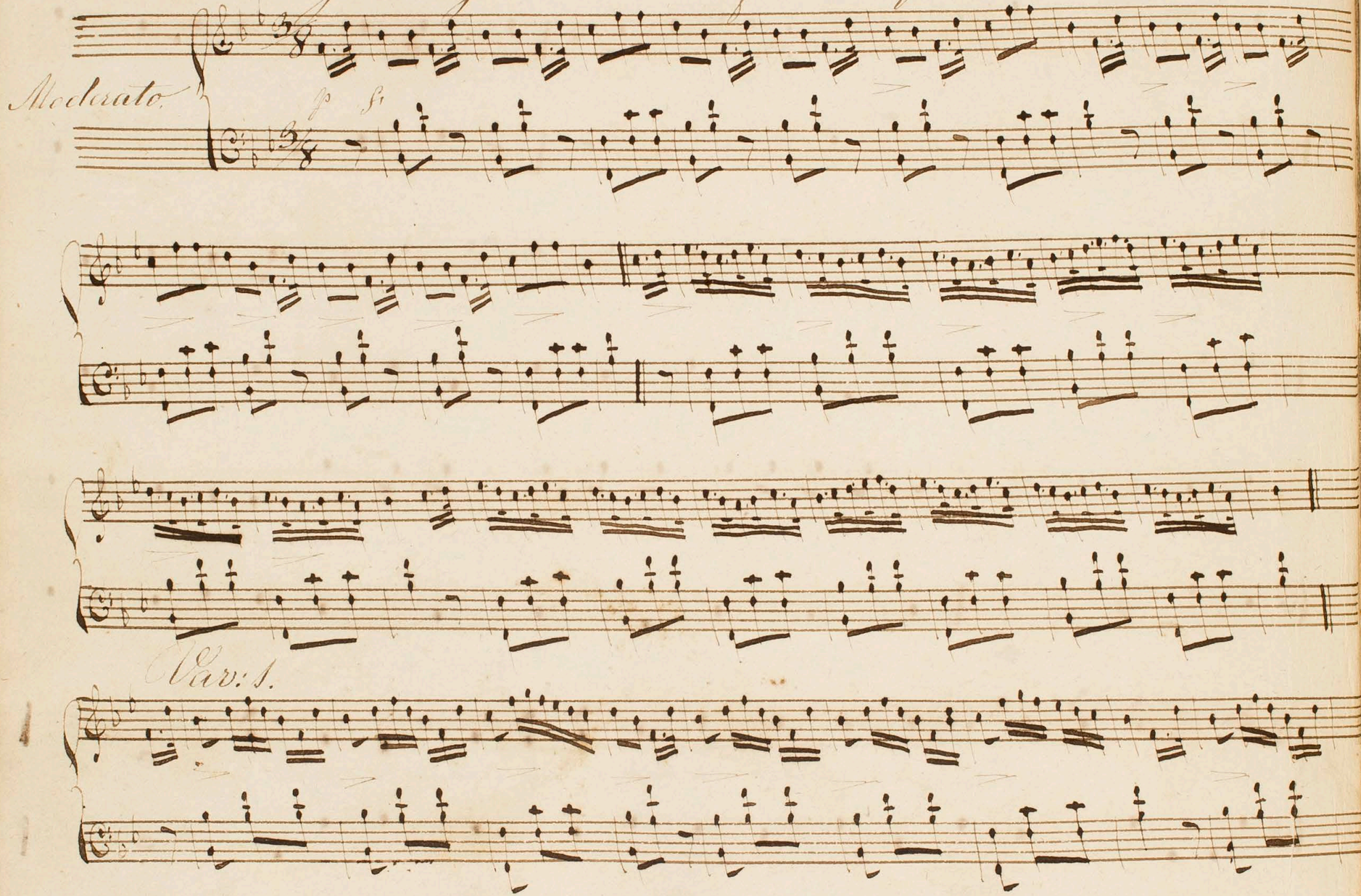

2
mum mum mum let us be
3
Sush and mum's the word for you you and me
4
Thro the wood Thro the wood prowl prowl a round
1
Ears to the ground with ears to the ground

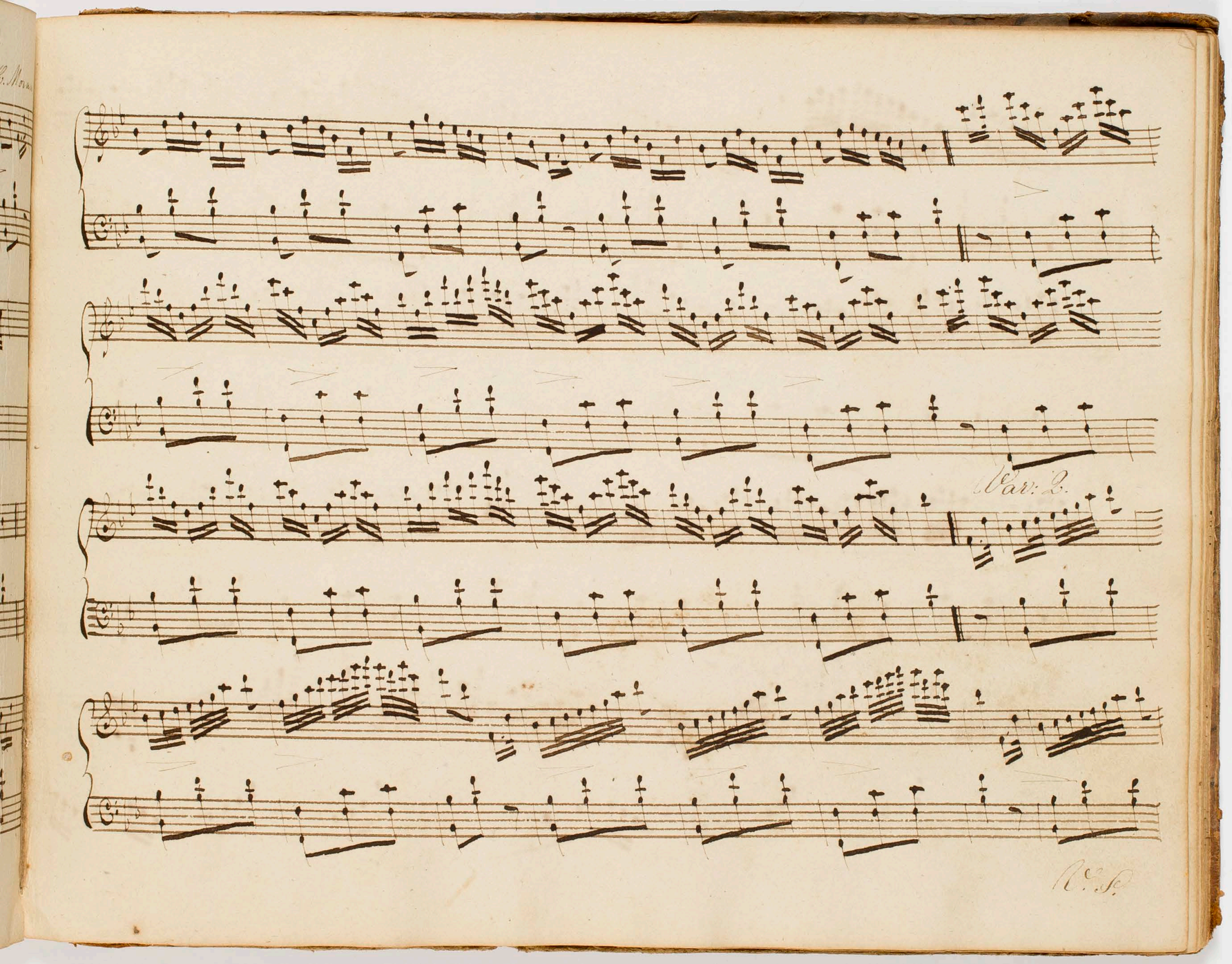
The Bonny Christ Church Bells.




wondrous sweet, And they troul somerily, merrily: Hark! the first and second Bell, that
every day at four and ten, cries, come, come, come, come, come to Pray'rs and the longer
hoops be for the Deans. Tingle, tingle, ting goes the small Bell at Nine, to call the Beaues
home, But the de'il a Man will leave his Can, till he hears the mugh to Tom.

Swiss Waltz, with Variations for the Harp or Piano Forte by P. H. Moran.

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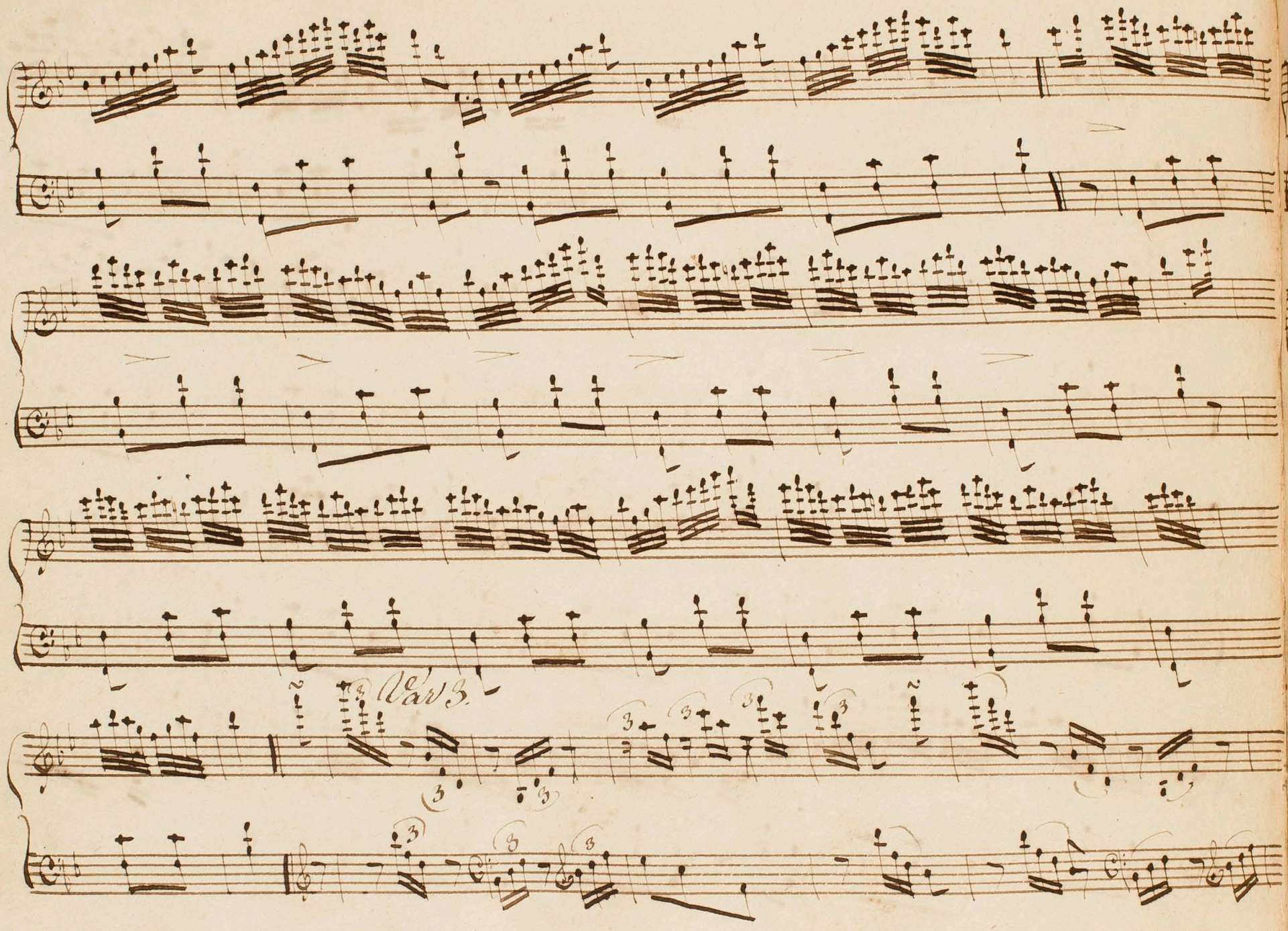
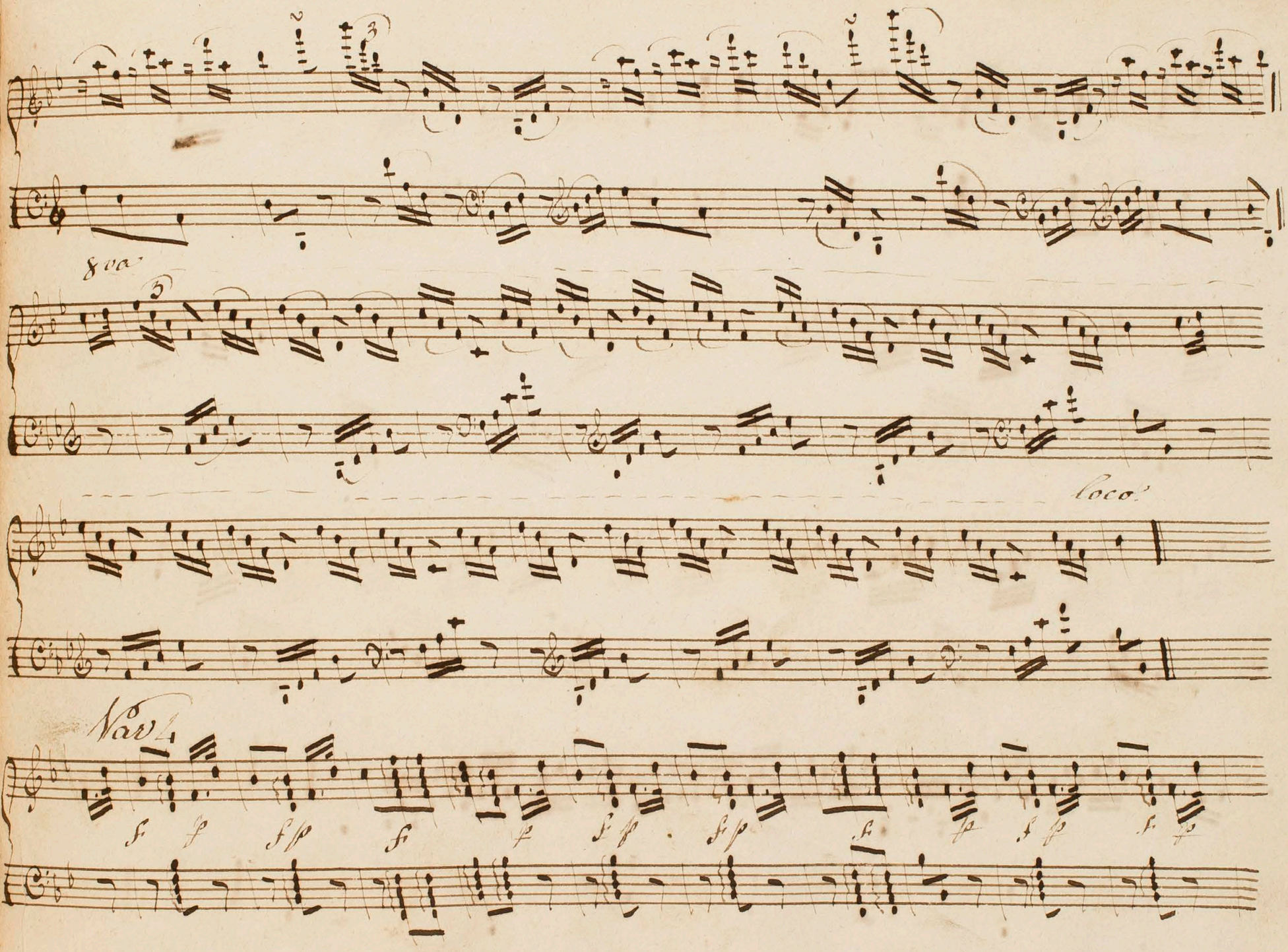
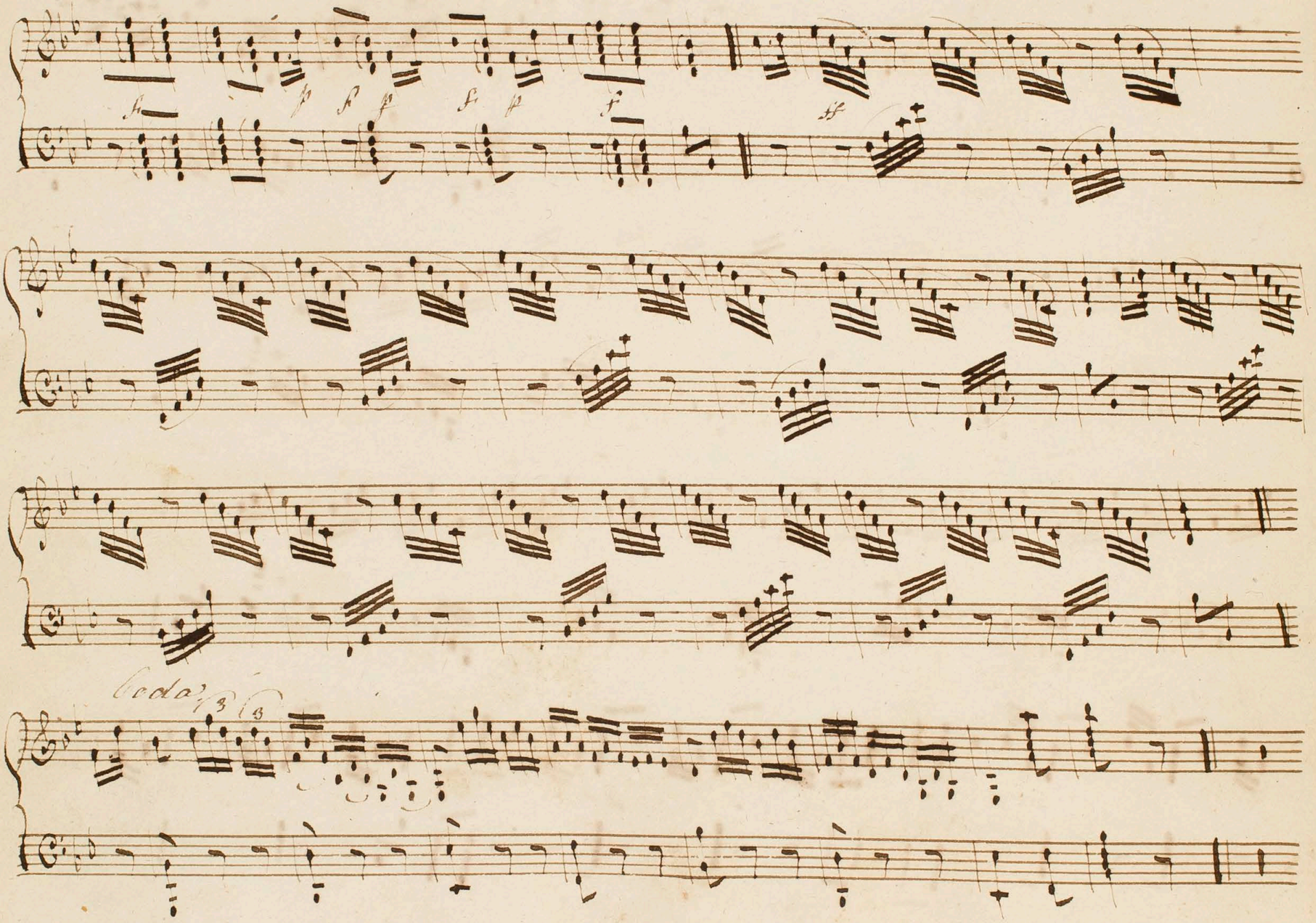

Var 3.


8va
loco
Var 4
f p fp f p fp fp f p fp f p

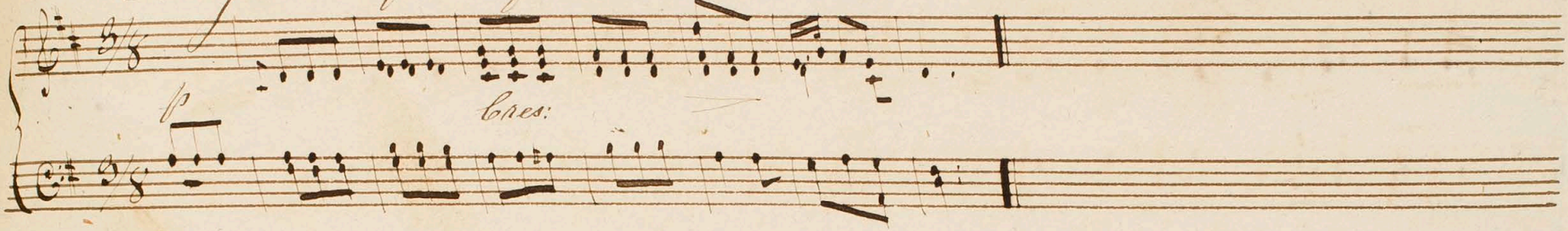

Coda

Weep not for those,

Adagio

p

Cres:



1st Voice

Weep not for those, whom the veil of the tomb In life's ear ly beau ty hath hid from our eyes;

2nd Voice

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb In life's ear ly beau ty hath hid from our eyes;

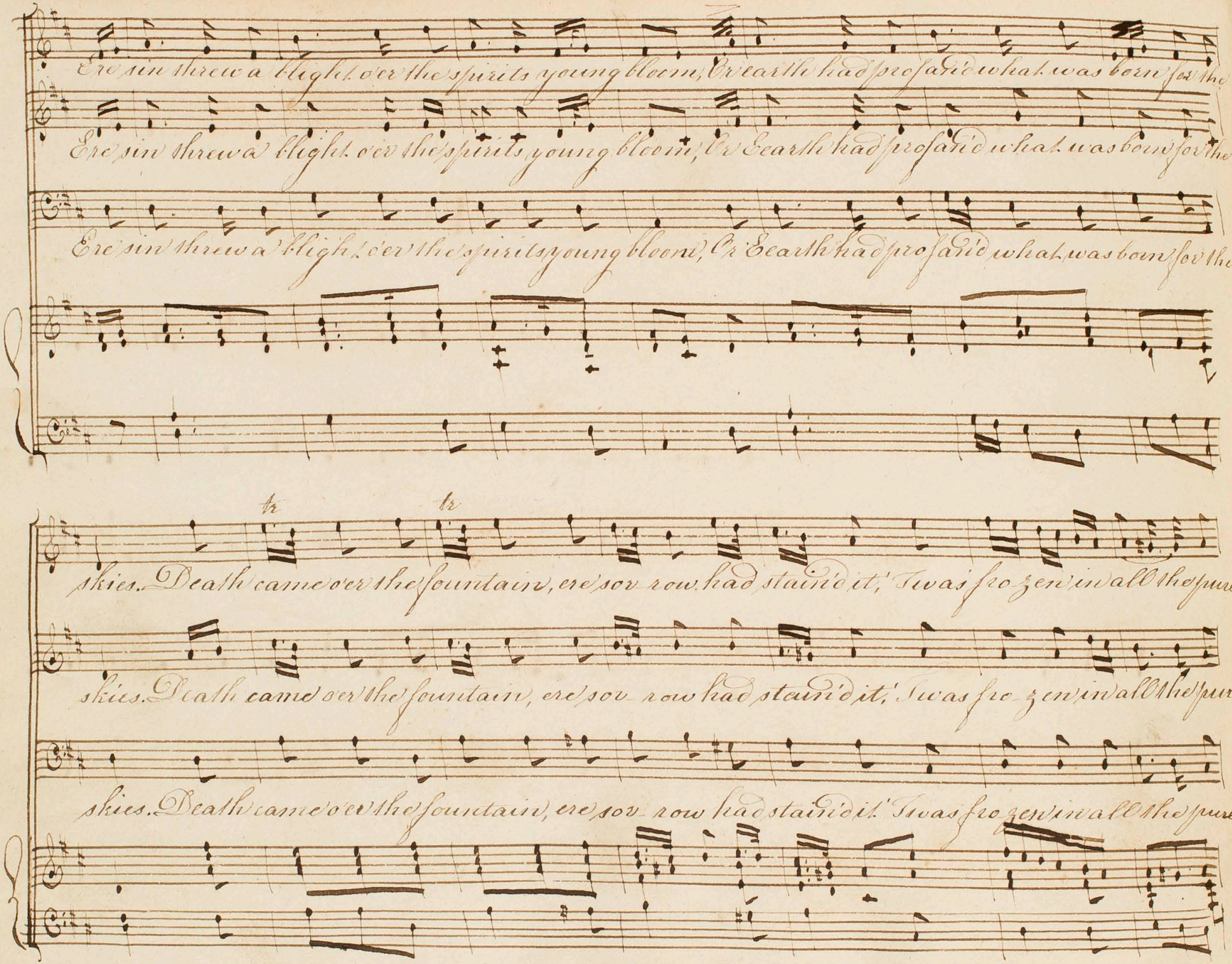
Bass

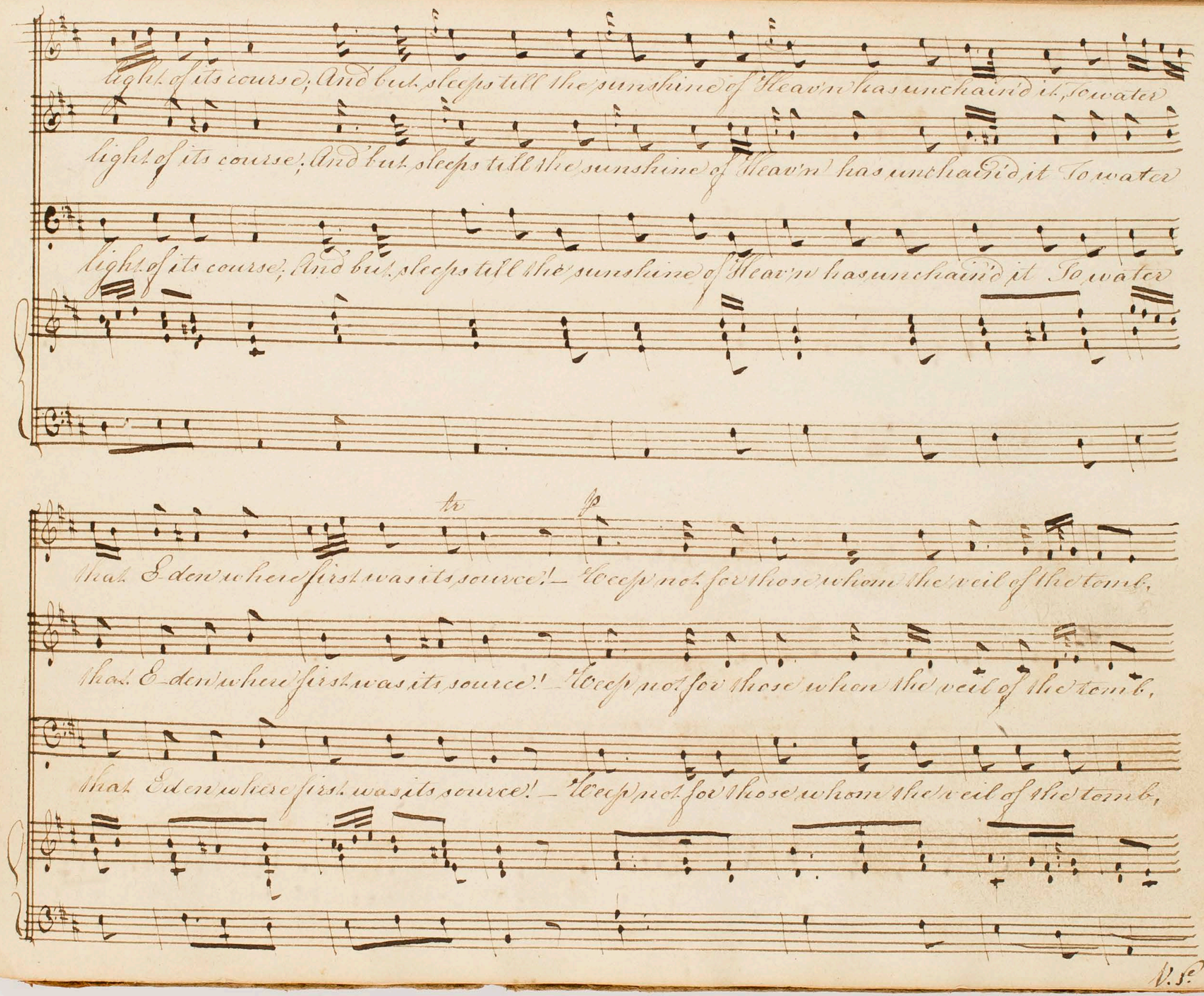
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb In life's ear ly beau ty hath hid from our eyes;

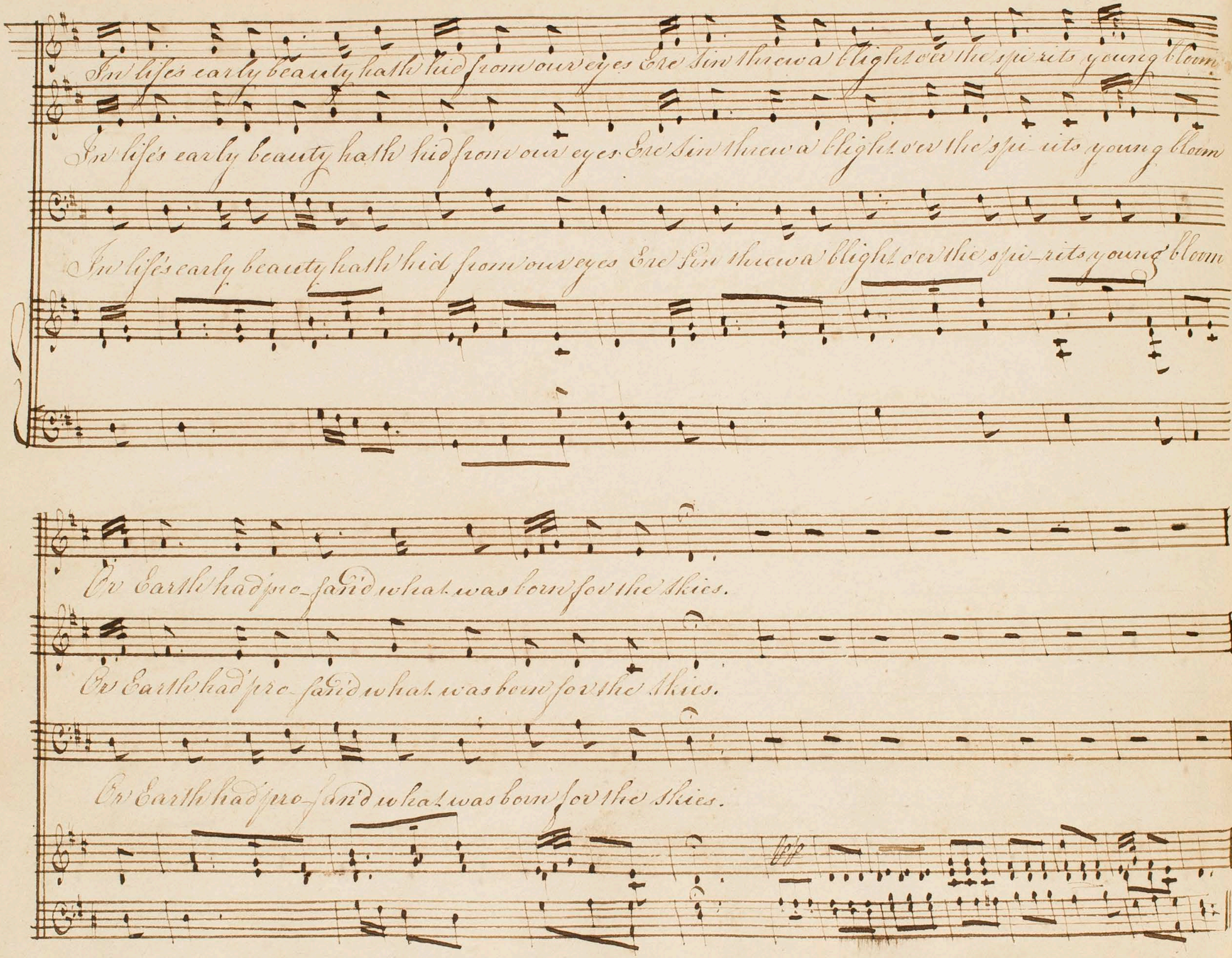
Piano Forte.

2) Mourn not for her the young Bride of the Vale;
Our gayest and loveliest lost to us now.
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of love was yet fresh on her brow;
Oh! then was her moment, dear Spirit, for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown;
And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly in dying,
Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own!
Weep not for her, in her spring-time she flew
To that land, where the wings of the soul are unfurld,
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiently down on the tears of the world.

V.S.


Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirits young bloom, Or earth had profan'd what was born for the
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirits young bloom, Or Earth had profan'd what was born for the
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirits young bloom, Or Earth had profan'd what was born for the
tr
tr
skies. Death came o'er the fountain, ere sov- row had stain'd it, 'Twas fro- zen in all the pure
skies. Death came o'er the fountain, ere sov- row had stain'd it, 'Twas fro- zen in all the pure
skies. Death came o'er the fountain, ere sov- row had stain'd it 'Twas fro zen in all the pure

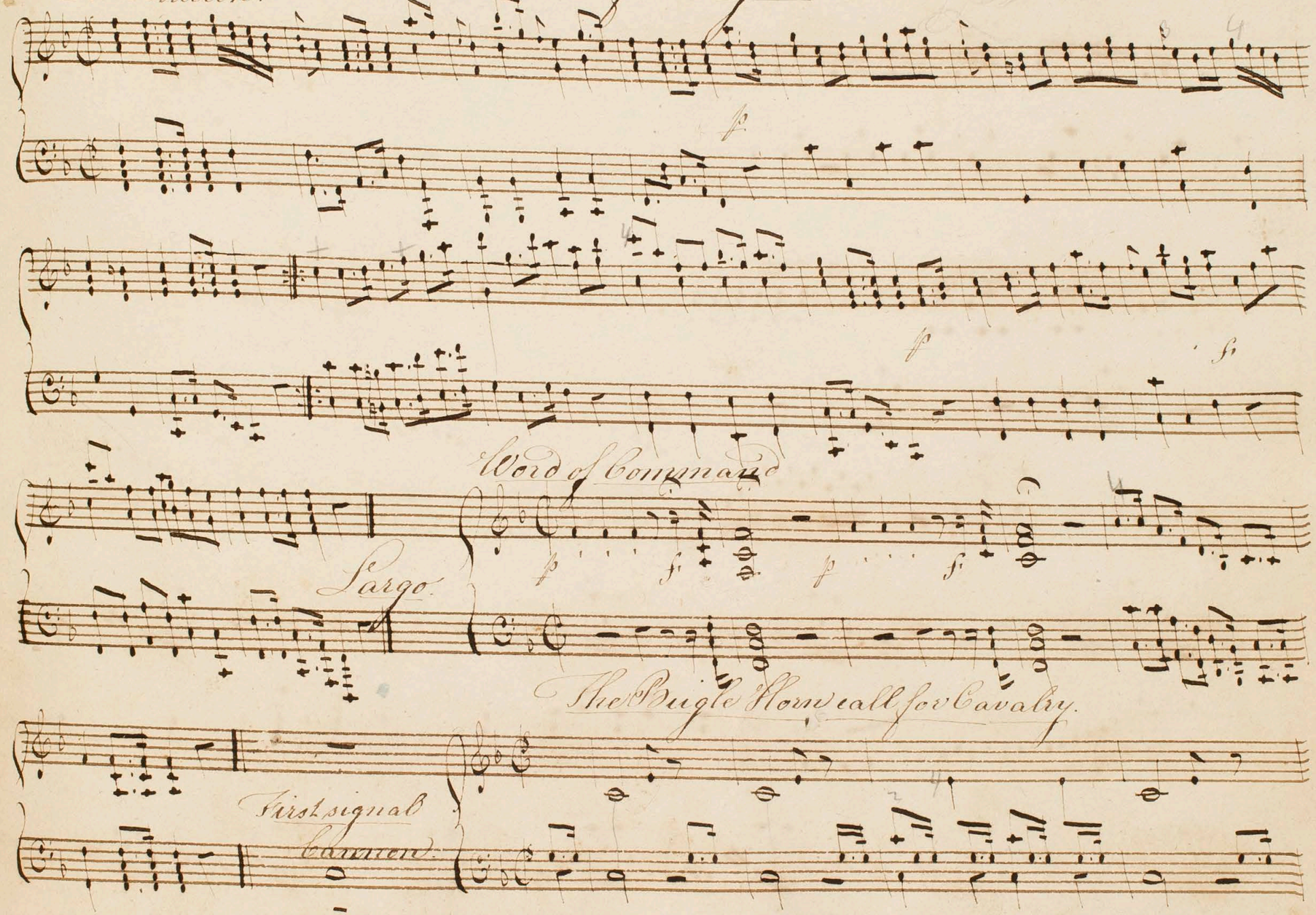

light of its course; And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has unchain'd it, So water
light of its course; And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has unchain'd it So water
light of its course; And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has unchain'd it So water
tr
That Eden where first was its source! Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
That Eden where first was its source! Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
That Eden where first was its source! Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
V.S.


In life's early beauty hath hid from our eyes Ere Sin threw a blight o'er the spi-rits young bloom
In life's early beauty hath hid from our eyes Ere Sin threw a blight o'er the spi-rits young bloom
In life's early beauty hath hid from our eyes Ere Sin threw a blight o'er the spi-rits young bloom
Or Earth had pro-fan'd what was born for the Skies.
Or Earth had pro-fan'd what was born for the Skies.
Or Earth had pro-fan'd what was born for the Skies.
fff

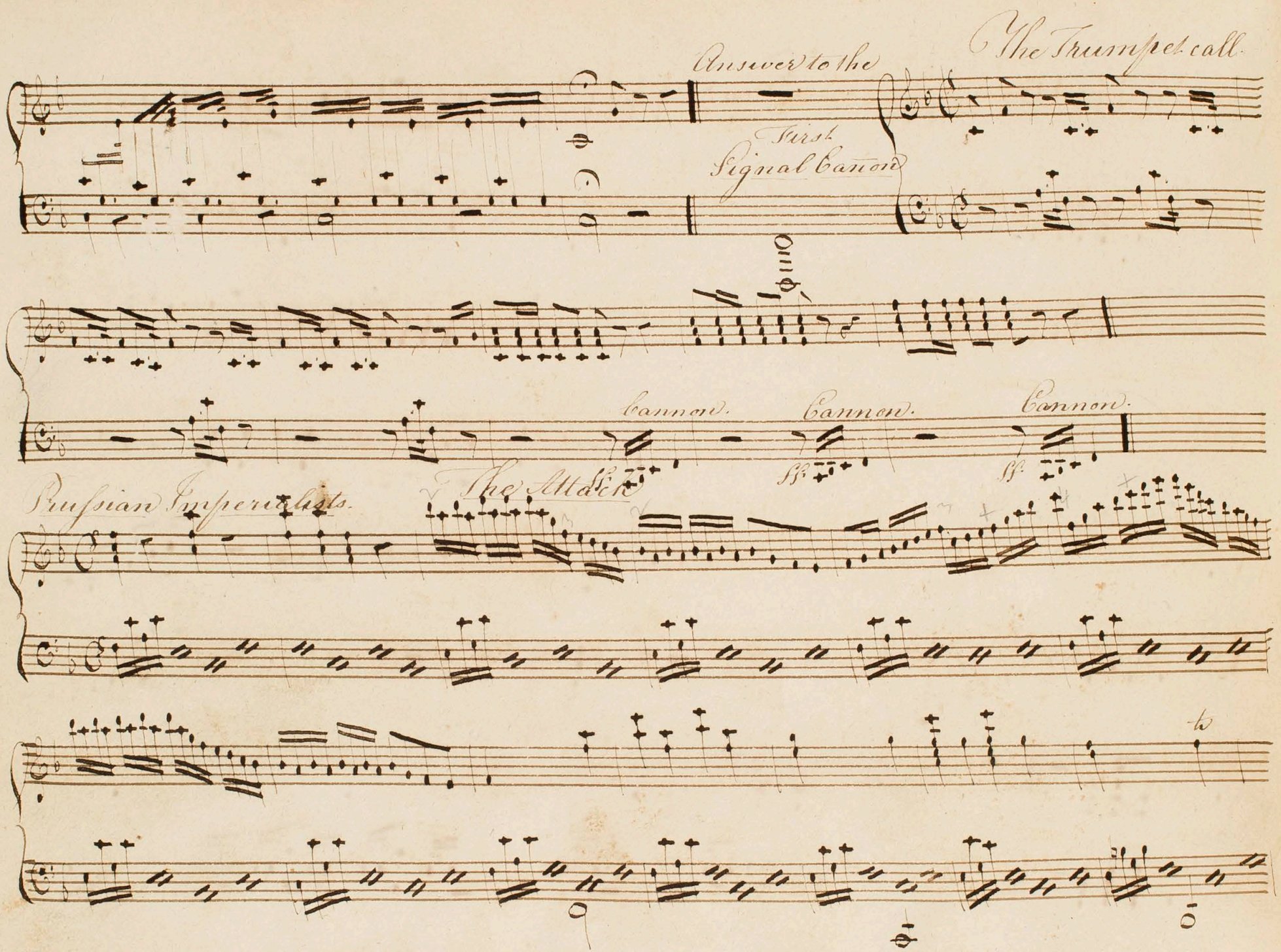
The Battle of Prague.

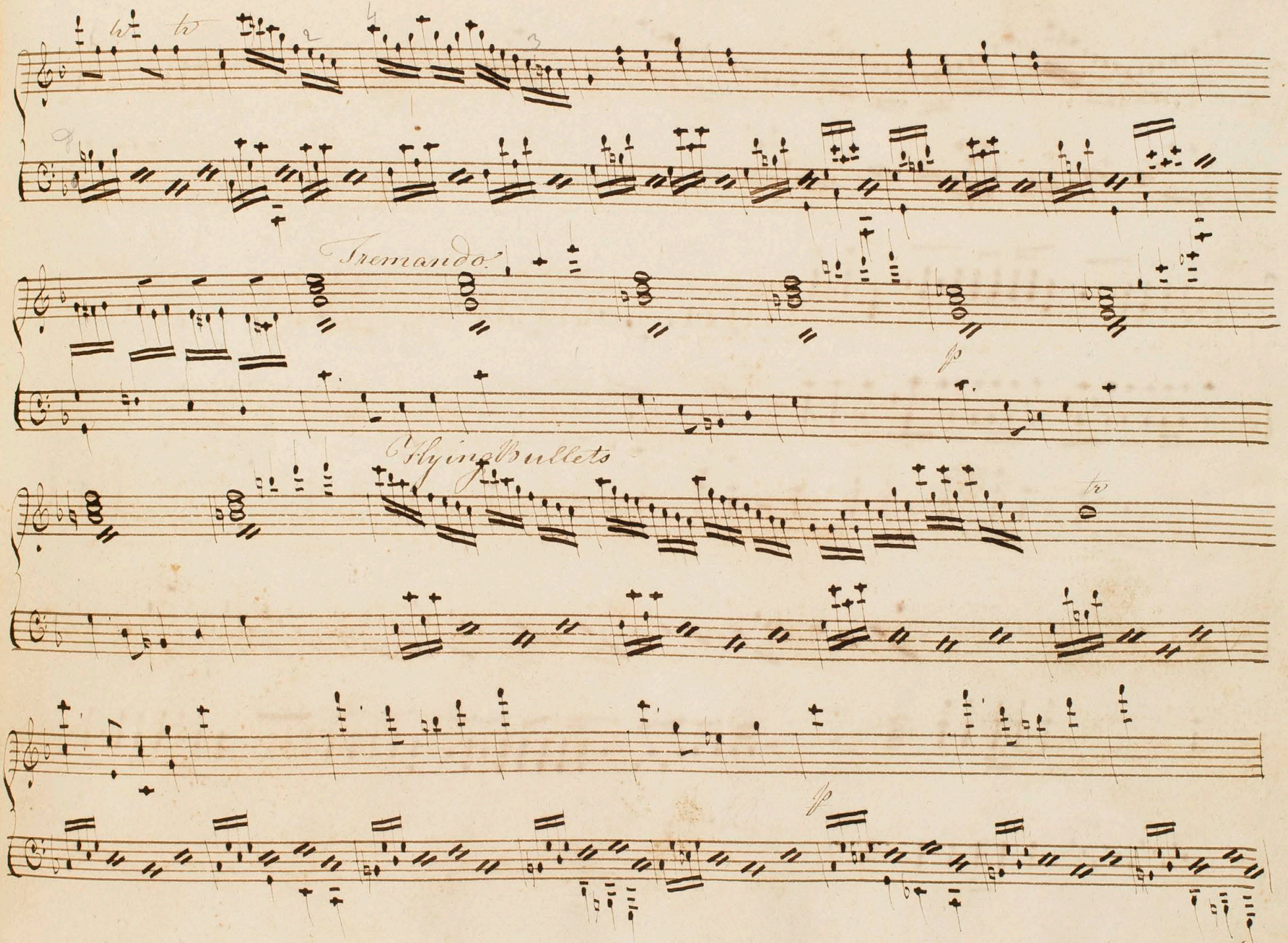
Composed by Kotzwara.

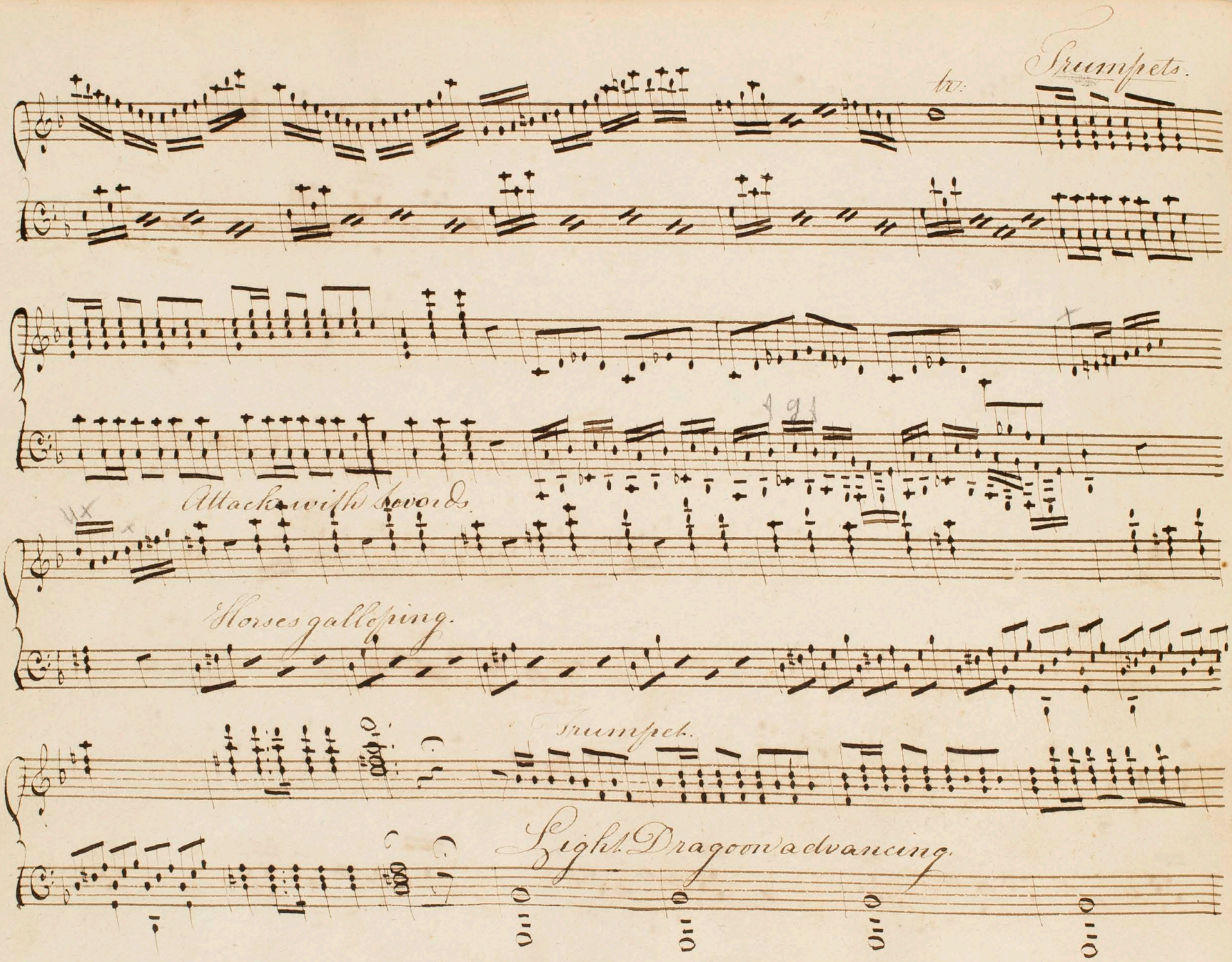
Slow March.

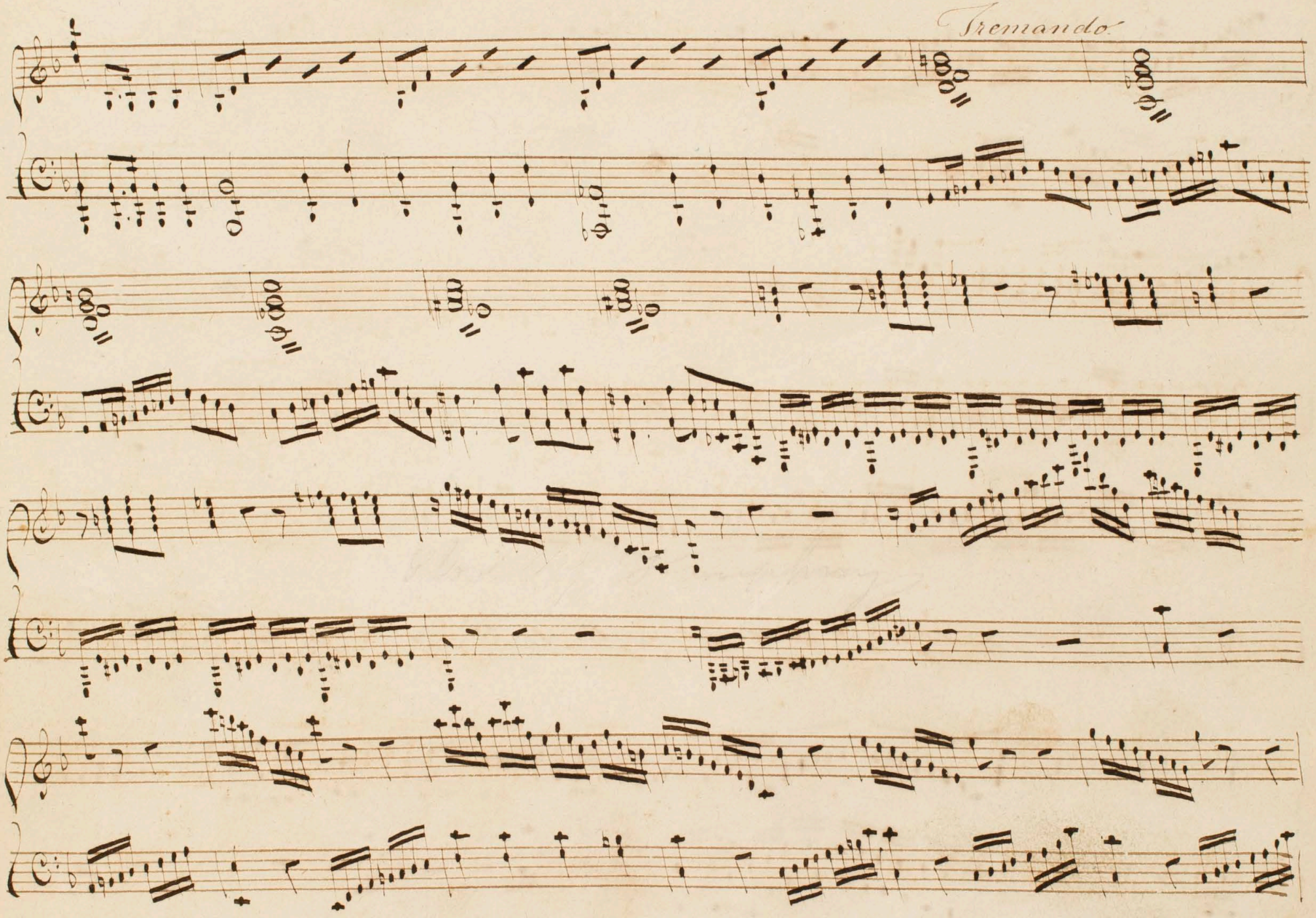


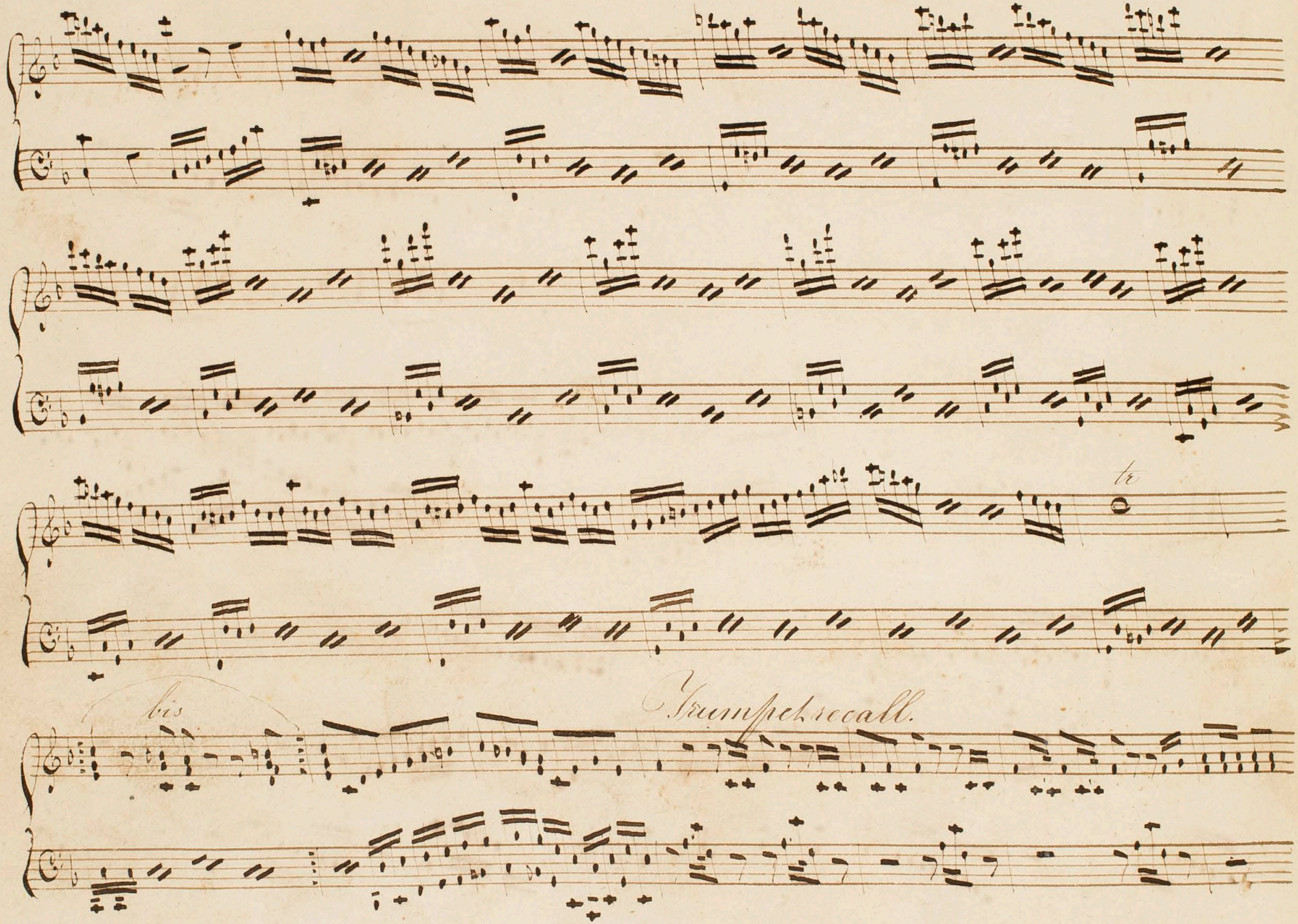
N. 5.

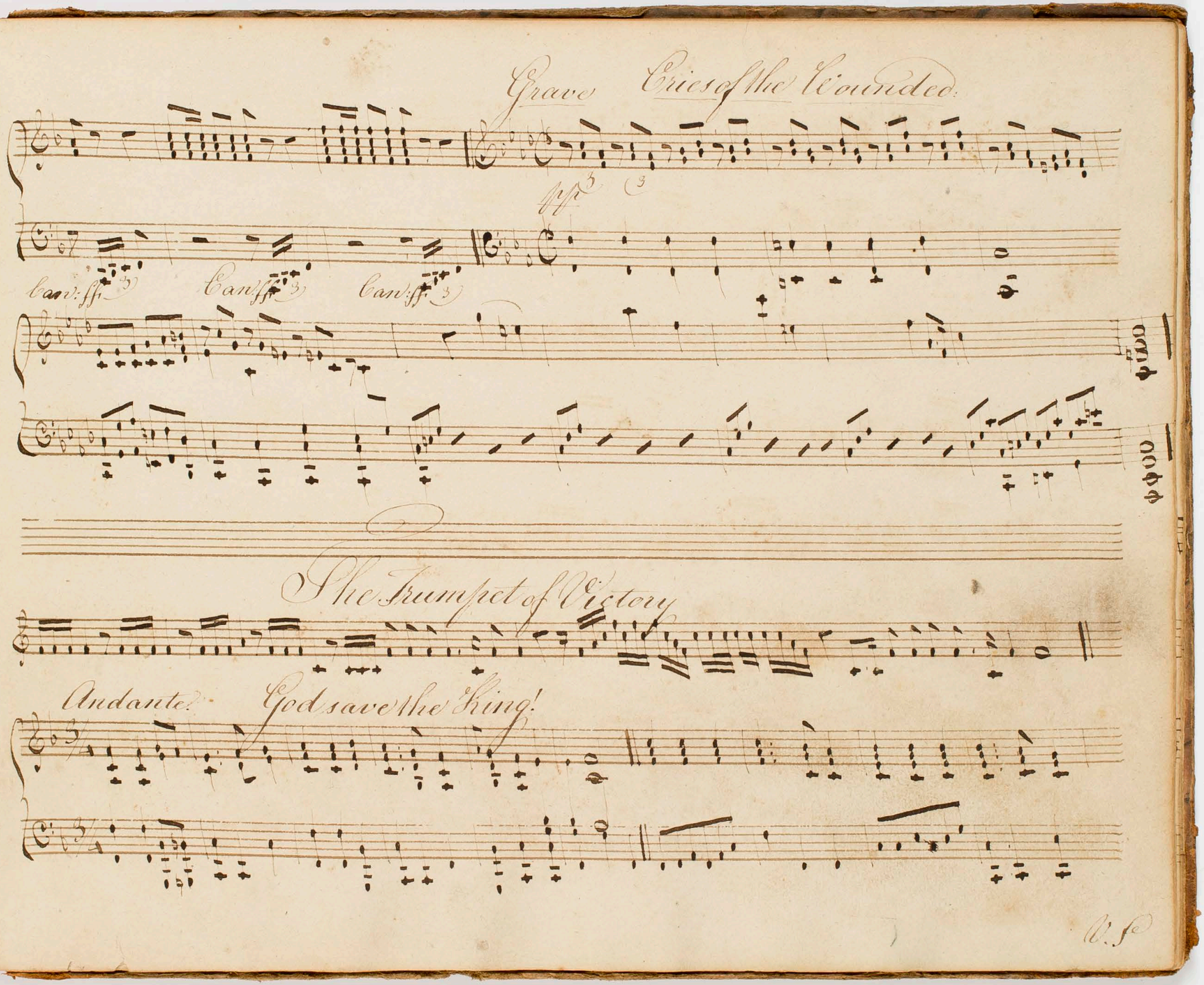

Answer to the
The Trumpet call
First
Signal Canon
Cannon.
Cannon.
Cannon.
ff
ff
ff
Prussian Imperialists.
The Attack

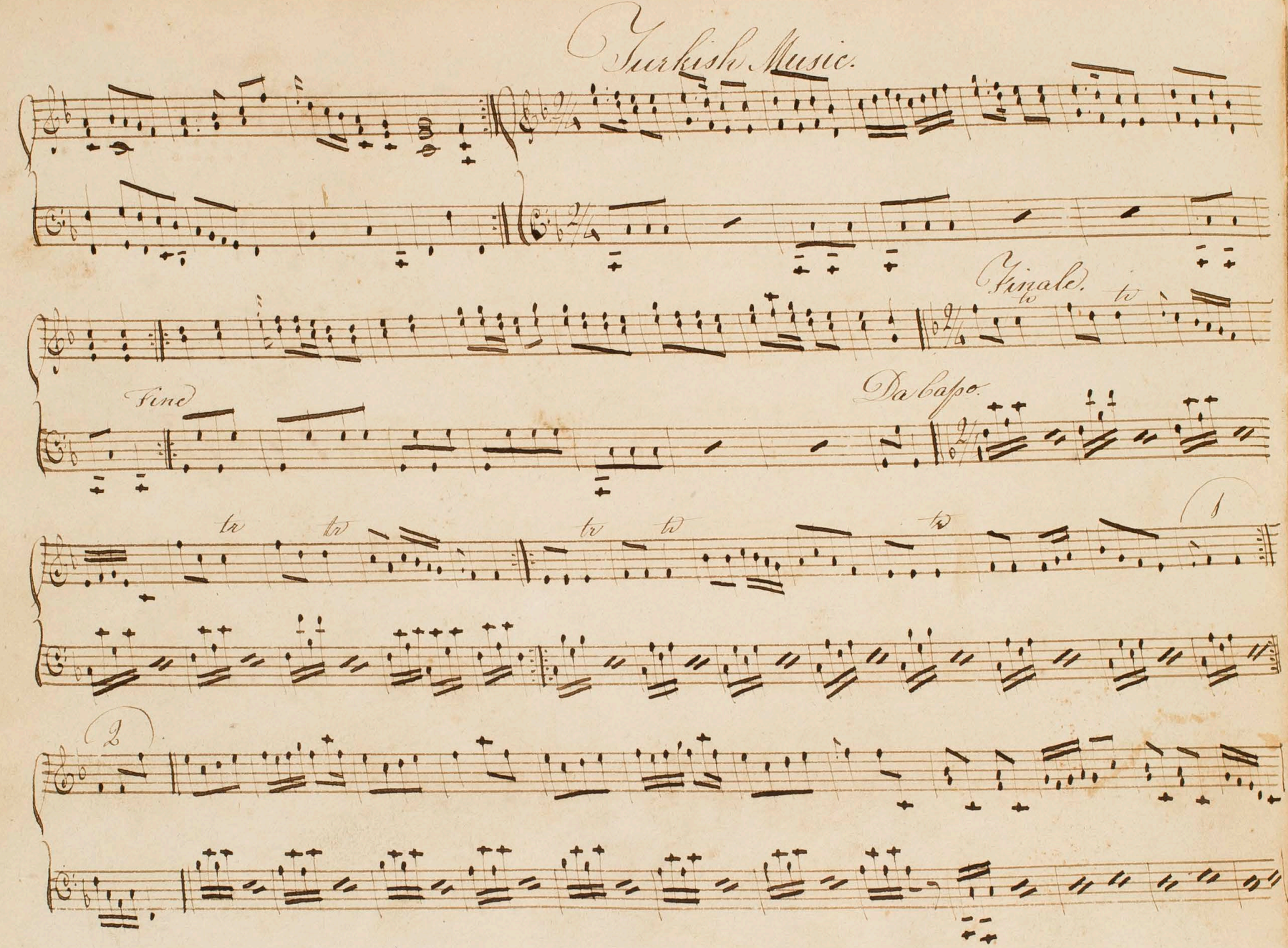

tr
tr
Tremando
p
Flying Bullets
tr
p

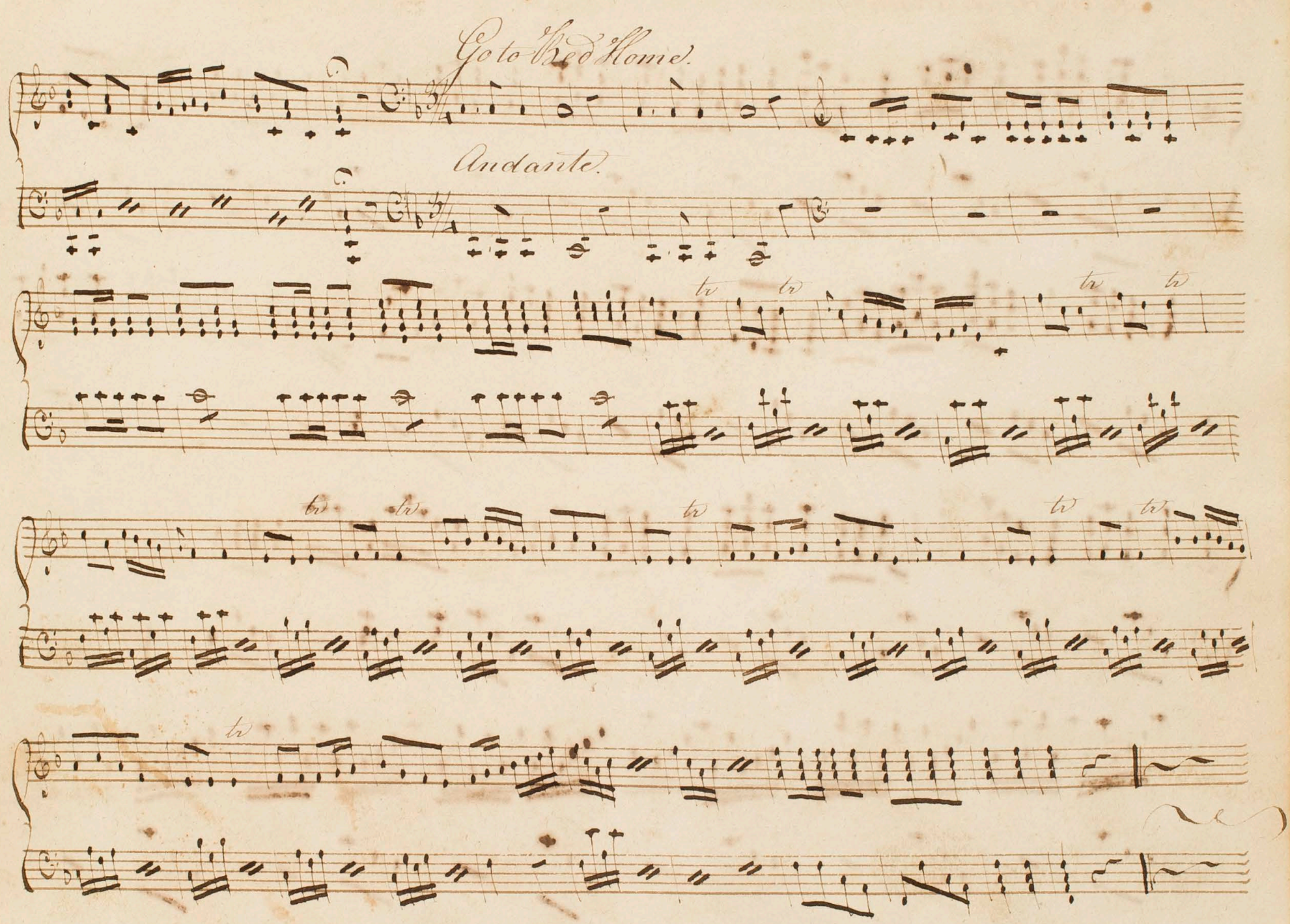

Trumpets.
tr:
Attack with Swords
Horses galloping.
Trumpet.
Light Dragoon advancing.


Tremando

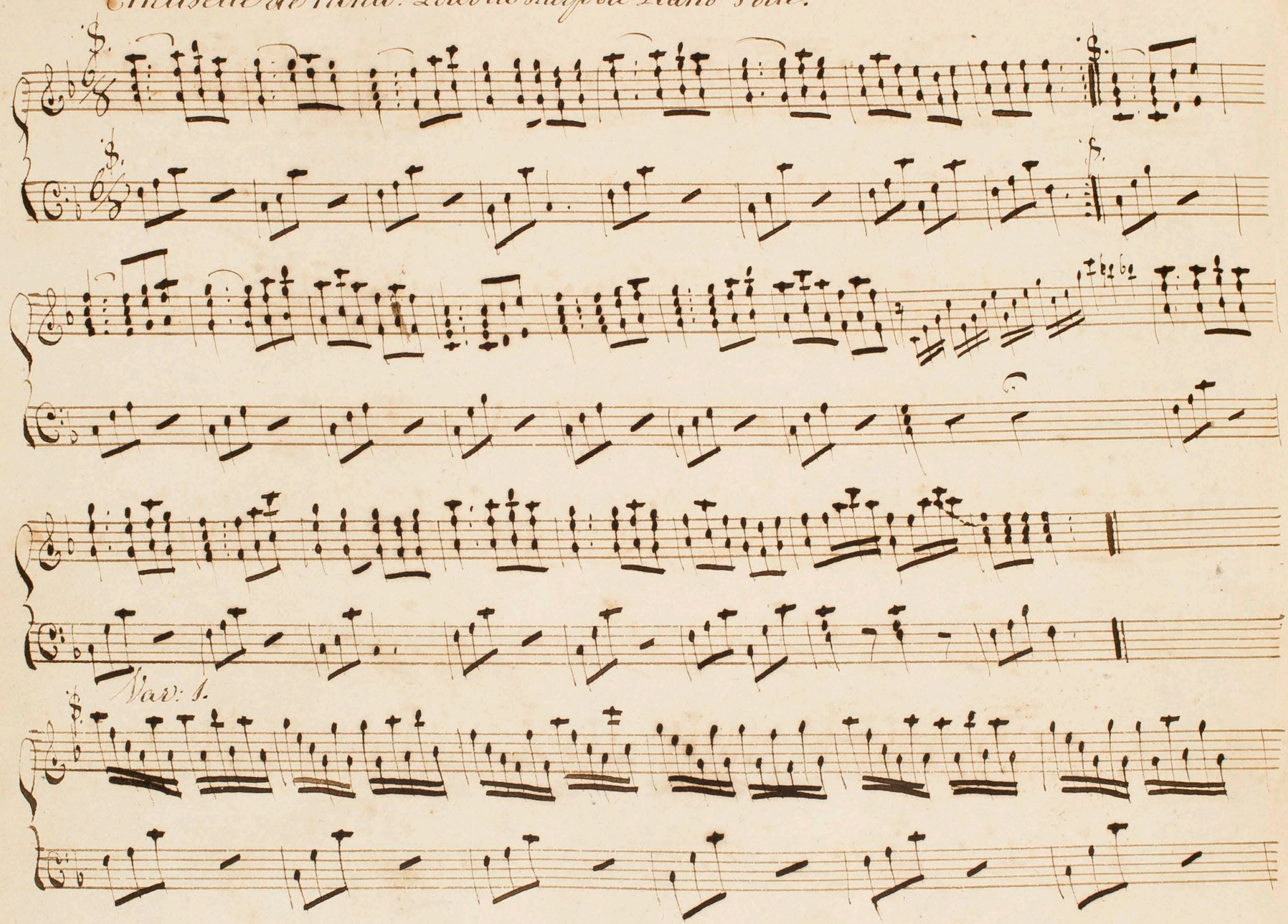

tr
bis
Trumpetcall.

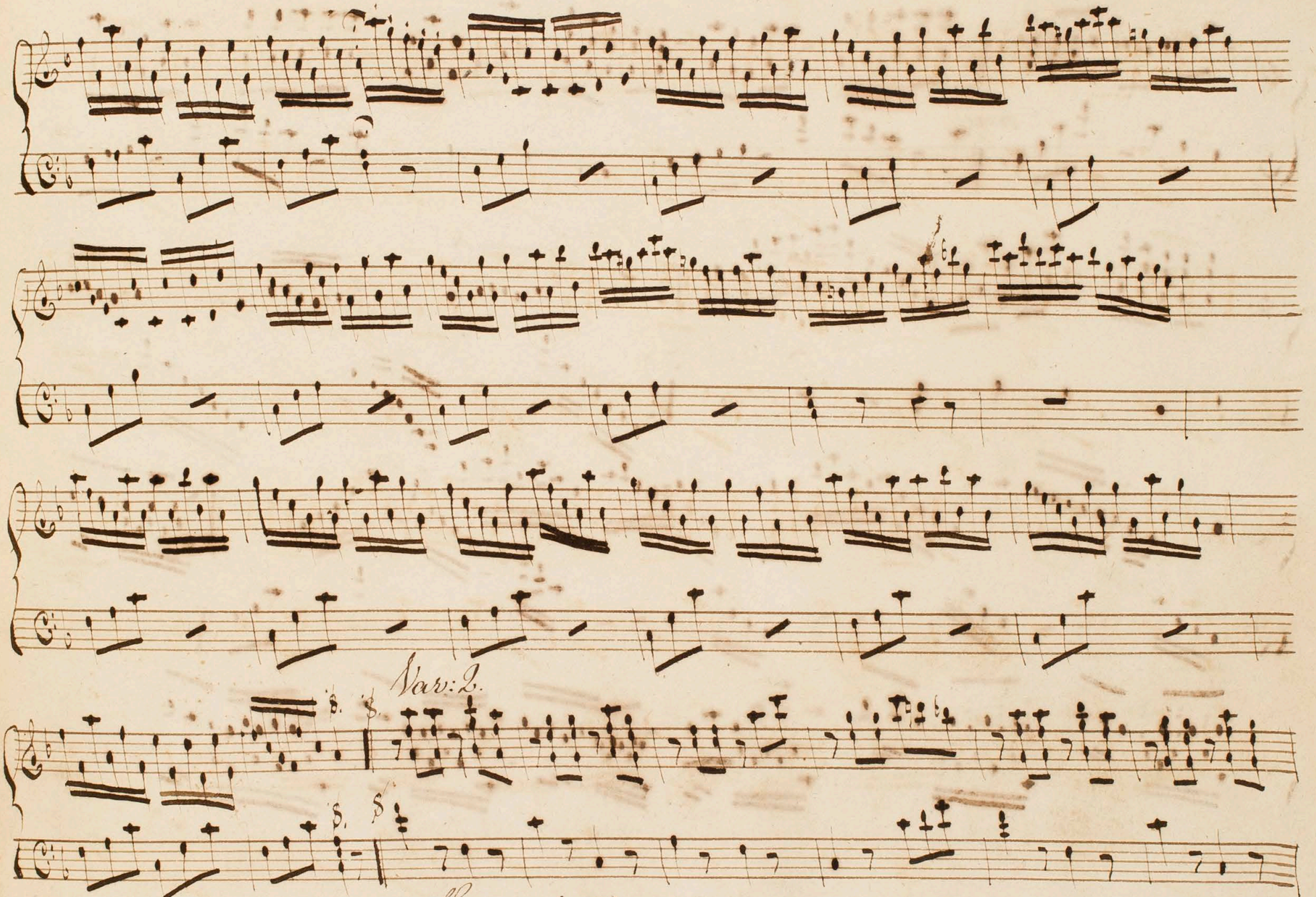

Grave
Cries of the Wounded.
fff
Can: fff
Can: fff
Can: fff
The Trumpet of Victory
Andante
God save the King!

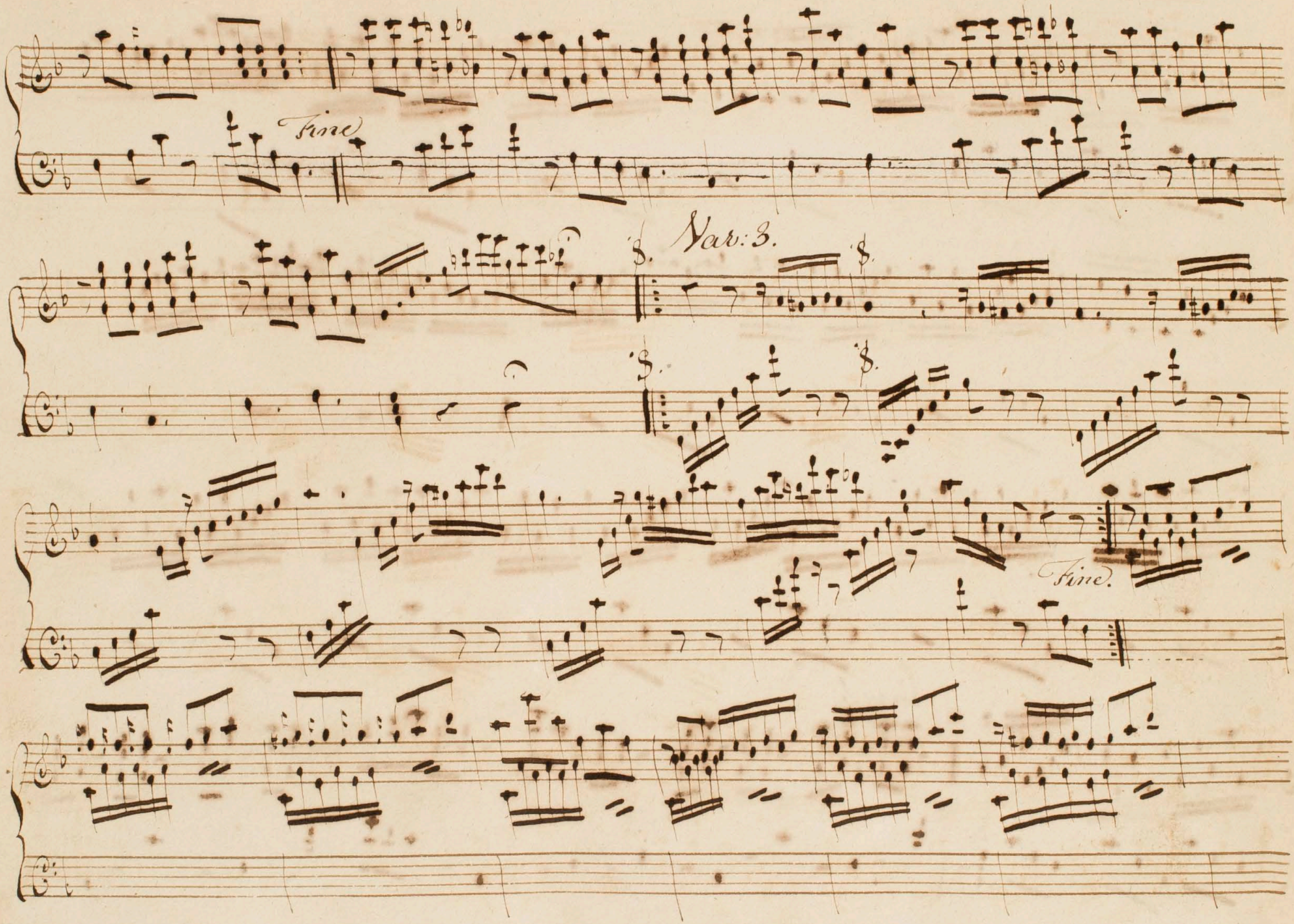

Turkish Music.
Finale.
tr
Fine
Da Capo.
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr
1
2

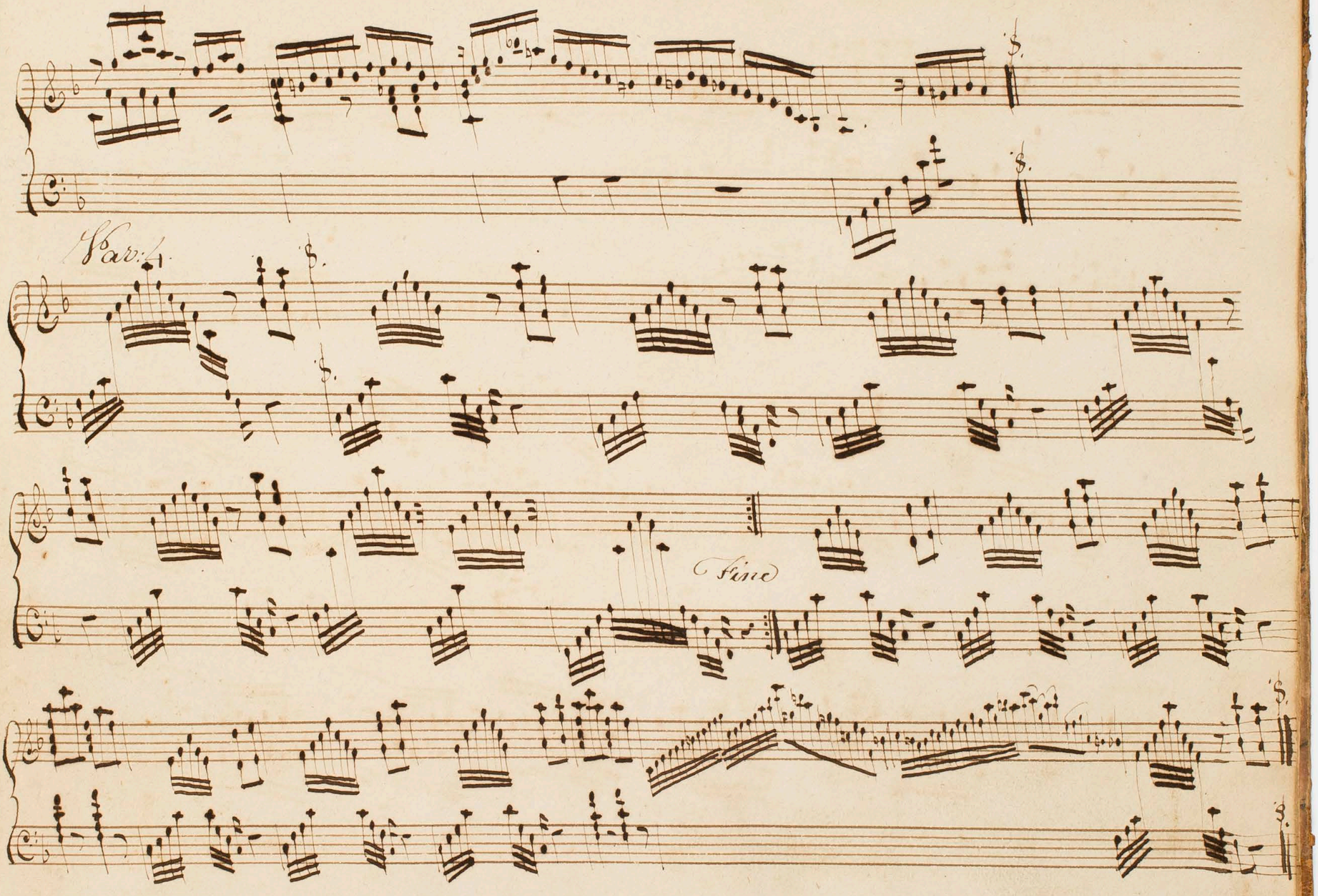

Go to Bed Home.
Andante.
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr

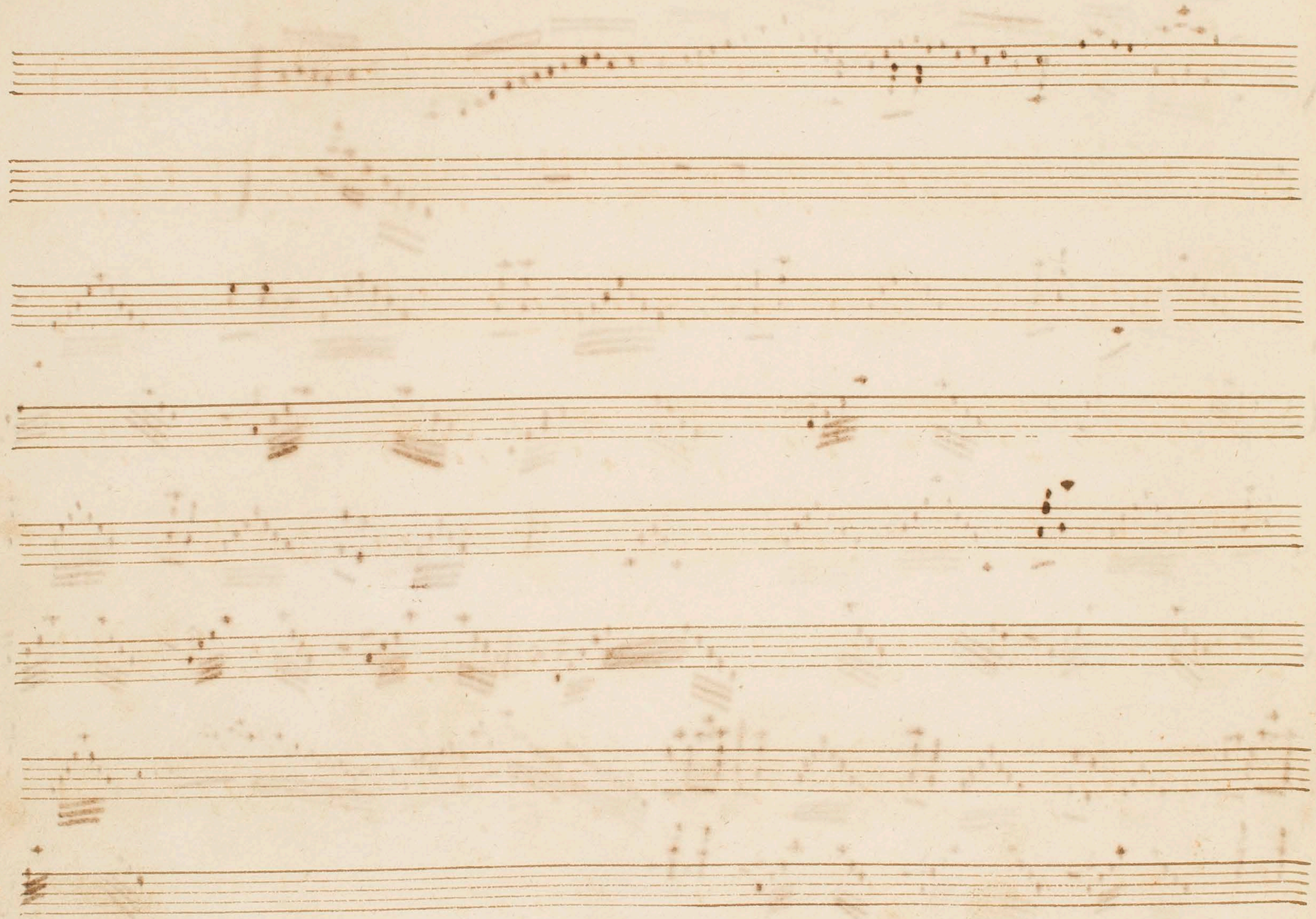
Musette de Nina. Pour la Harpe ou Piano Forte.




Var: 2.
Harmonique
V. S.


Fine
Var: 3.
Fine.


Var. 4
Fine

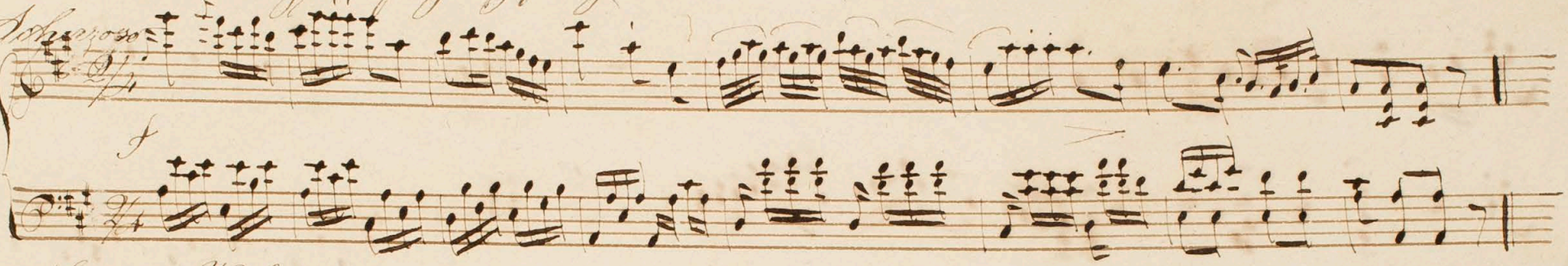


Andantino.

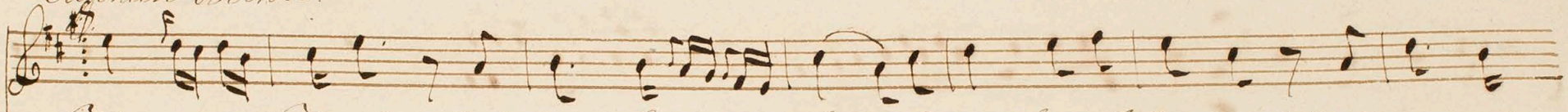
Fly swift ye Zephyrs.

The Accomp.t by Henry R. Bishop.

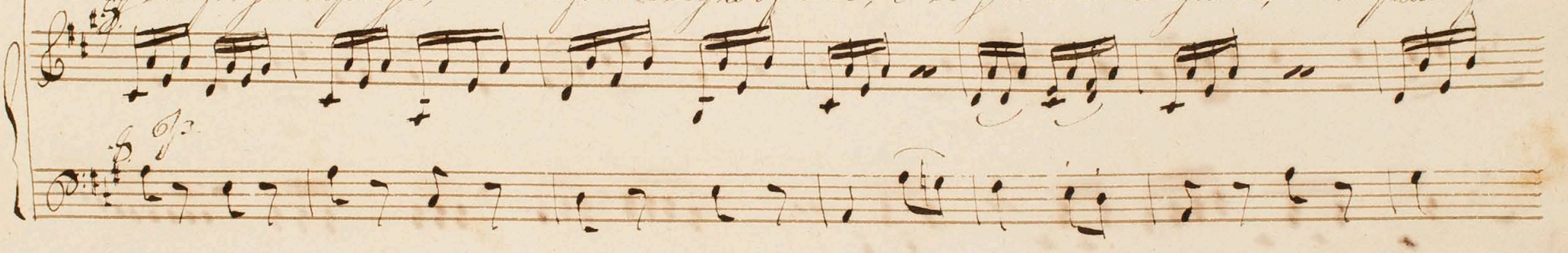
Scherzoso



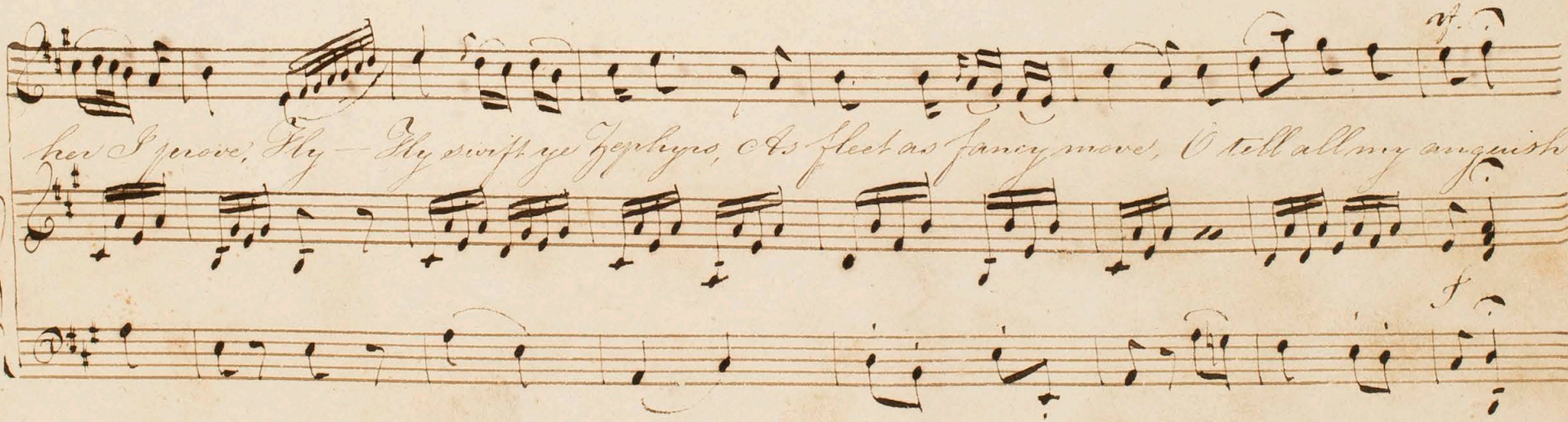
Captain Belton.



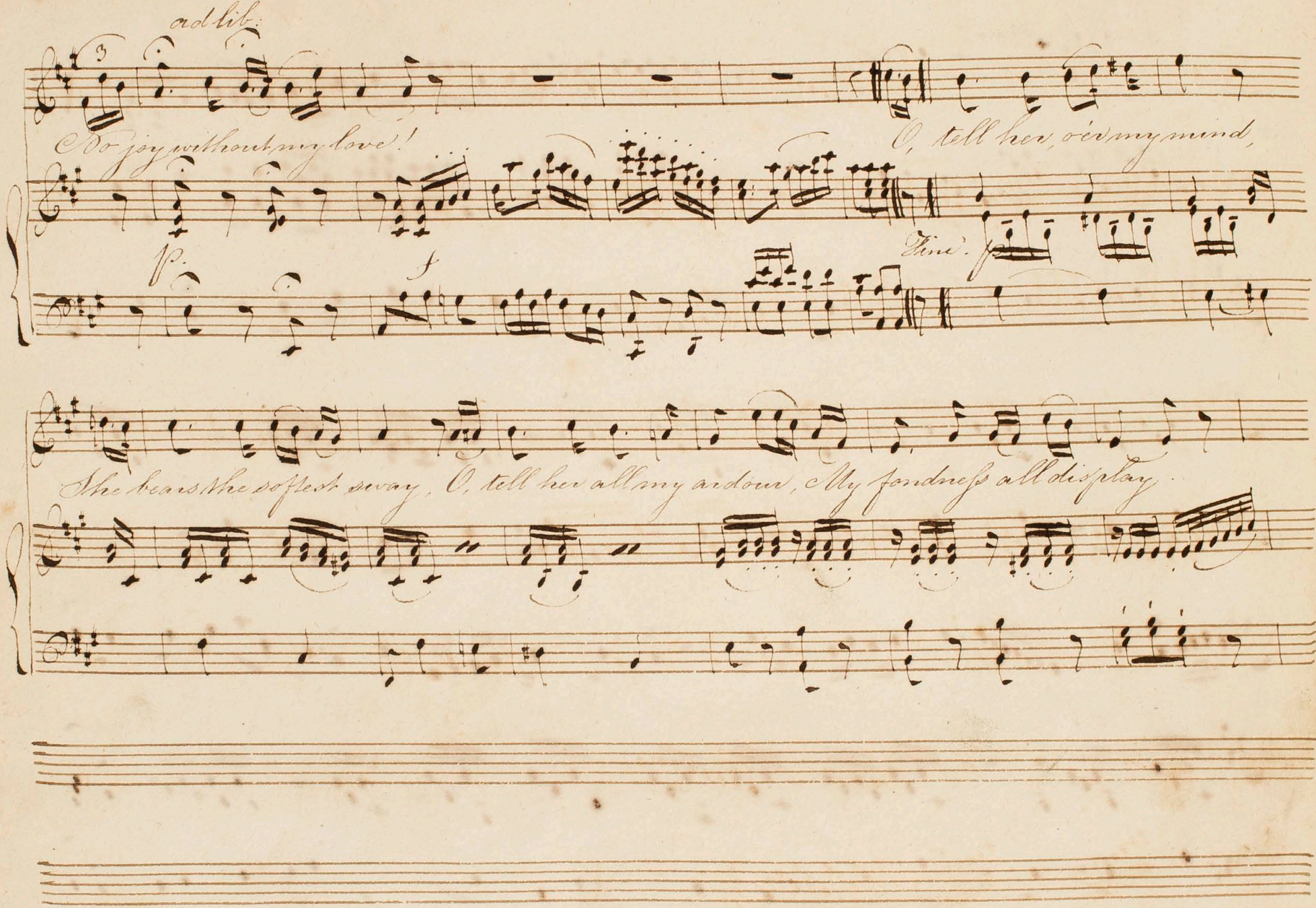
Fly swift ye Zephyrs, Who waft the sighs of love, O say how I languish, What pain for

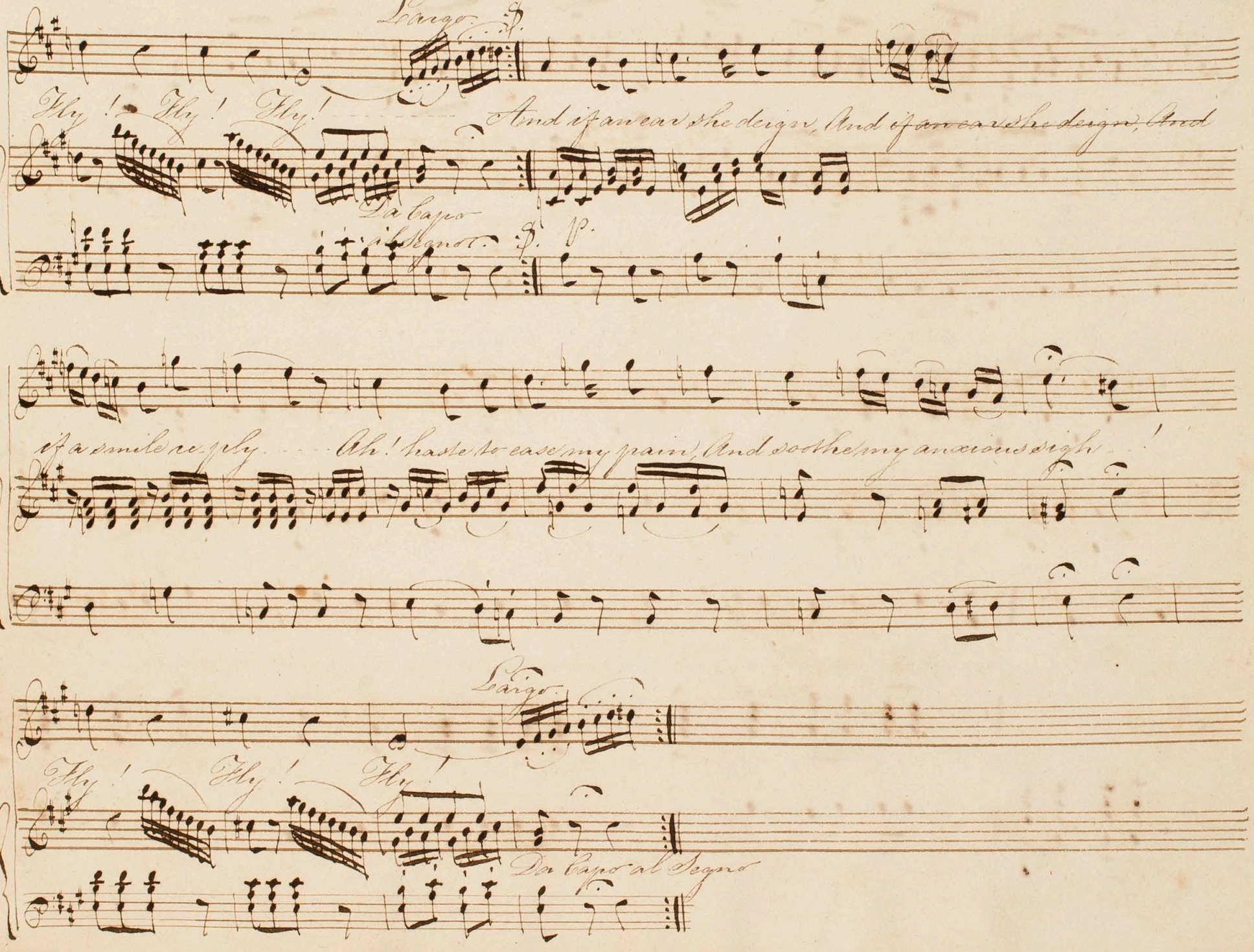


her I prove, Fly — Fly swift ye Zephyrs, As fleet as fancy move, O tell all my anguish,



J. S.


ad lib:
Or joy without my love!
O, tell her, o'er my mind,
Fine.
She bears the softest sway. O, tell her all my ardour, My fondness all display.



Largo

Fly! Fly! Fly! And if an ear she deign, And if an ear she deign, And

Da Capo al Segno

p.

if a smile re-ply ... Ah! haste to ease my pain, And soothe my anxious sigh!

Largo

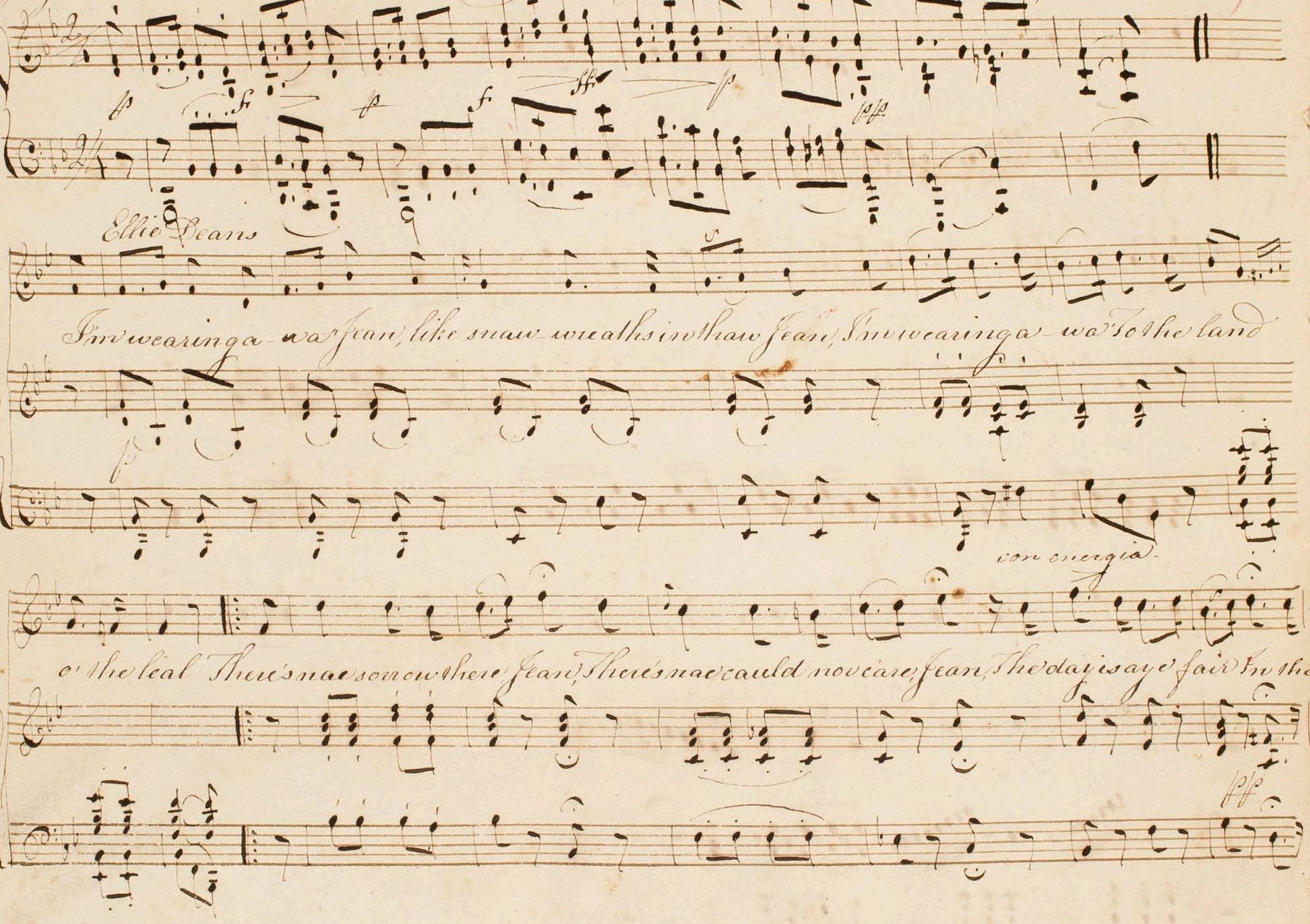
Fly! Fly! Fly!

Da Capo al Segno

Andante
Expressive

I'm wearing awa' Jean

By Henry Bishop



2.d Verse.

Vivace vole.

land o the leal!

My good name is gone, Jean, My Joys here are

f p pp cp

flown, Jean, My hope is a-lone, in the land o the leal Then heed not my pain, Jean, This world's

pp

molto espres.

care is vain, Jean, We'll meet and be fain, in the land o the leal!

pp f p pp

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